THE BYSTANDER
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JANUARY 6, 1932

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MADGE GARLAND on FASHIONS FOR 1932

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All Modern Comforts—200 Rooms—100 Baths. A stone's throw from Promenade des Anglais and Palais Mediterranée. Open all year.

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Unique situation overlooking the Baie des Anges.
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FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V. lge. garden.

Cannes.—Balmoral.—New select Eng. fam. Hotel. Garden. From Frs. 50. R. Longhini, prop., late H. W. Windsor, Monte Carlo.

Cannes.—Hôtel Beau Site.—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

Cannes.—Hotel du Pavillon.—Fam. Hotel 120 Rms. Running Water. Private Baths Park, direct access to sea. Pen. fm. Frs. 50

Cannes.—Hotel Suisse.—One minute from Croisette. Central and quiet situation. Moderate terms. A. Keller, Prop.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Menton.—Hotel des Ambassadeurs. Central, quiet and moderate. 80 rms. Garden. New English proprietors. Messrs. Sewell.

Menton.—Hotel des Anglais.
On the Front.
A home from home.

Menton.—Rives d'Azur.—English Management. Sea front, sunny garden. Terms from Frs. 45.

Menton.—Hotel Britannia & Beau Site, an English Hotel facing the sea, sun garden. 140 rooms, reduced inc. terms. G.H.Sewell.

Menton.—New Club.—Residential. Bridge. Billiards. Lounges. Restaurant. 30 Bedrooms. Lift. For particulars apply Hon.Sec.

Menton (A.M.)—Two really good hotels. **The Carlton.**—Seaside, most comfortable. **The Gallia.**—In its palm garden.

Menton.—Gd. Hotel du Louvre.—Near Casino. Large garden, Tennis, Garage. Latest comfort. Terms from Frs. 65.

Menton.—Majestic and Suisse.
The leading family hotel of Menton.

Menton.—Hotel Mediterranée. 150 rooms, all comfort. Tennis, garage, terms from 10/-.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise.—World renowned. 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny. Moderate.

Nice.—Altantic Hotel.—Newest first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

Nice.—Hotel Majestic.—For real air, real sun, real fun, real comfort, real rest. Same management as Palais de la Mediterranée Casino.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice (A.M.).—Pacific Hotel.—12, Rue Rivoli. New family Hotel. Every comfort. Central. Terms from Frs. 60 incl.

St. Raphael.—Grand Hotel.—Splendid sit. in large grounds. All comfort. Pension from Frs. 50.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35 Rue Caumartin, Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod.com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

Paris.—Terminus Lyon Hotel.—Facing P.L.M. station. Last comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotels Bristol & Majestic.—Facing sea, near Casino, 200 rooms. Special low Winter Terms. Pension from Frs. 50.

Monte Carlo.—Etrangers.—1st cl. H. & C. rng. water. Long or short stay. Full pension from Frs. 55. English clientele.

Monte Carlo.—Gd. Hotel Terminus.—Opp. Casino, Gdns. & Beach, 1st cl., Pens. fr. Frs. 60, with bath Frs. 75, with suite Frs. 100.

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—First-class British Hotel. Full South. Garden. Full Pension from Frs. 70.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath-house Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Inclusive from Mk. 10.

ITALY.

Sunny San Remo.—Hotel Royal.—200 rooms. 120 baths. Luxury and comfort at moderate prices.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernherof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Chesieres-Villars.—Le Chamossaire. Fam. hotel. Bright and comfortable. Free service of Sleighs to Villars. 10 minutes.

Crans S/Sierre.—Hotel Continental Majestic.—Right up to date. All winter sports. From 10/- inclusive.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage. Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Up to date. Select and quiet. Inclusive from Frs. 18.

Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Incl. terms, Fr. 13 to 18.

The Bystander, January 6, 1932 the BYSTANDER No, 1464. Vol. CXIII.

Walter Bird

A LONDON HOSTESS AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Dunn, the wife of Sir James Dunn, with her daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas. She has started the New Year well by inaugurating a cleaning company, which collects, cleans, and returns clothes all in the same day. Like many other Society people she has turned her hand to business

THE DISTAFF SIDE OF SOCIETY

The Countess of Lisburne with her three daughters, the Ladies Honor, Auriel and Gloria Vaughan, in their London residence in Upper Berkeley Street. The daughter of Don Julio Bittencourt, formerly an attaché to the Chilian Legation in London, she married the Earl in 1914

The Hon. Mrs. Cyril Asquith in the nursery of her London home with three of her kiddies, Jane, Paul and Frances Rose. Her husband, who is the third son of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, was called to the Bar in 1920 and appointed Assistant Reader in Common Law in 1925

the passing hour

Snow provided a setting more picturesque than pleasant when the Belvoir met at Harlaxton Manor, Grantham, last week. The severe frosts provided an unpleasant set-back to hunting folk

Yevonde

MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY

Whose husband, Lieut-Col. the Rt. Hon. Wilfrid William Ashley, M.P., received a Barony in the New Year's Honours List. His elevation to the Peerage necessitates a by-election

THE New Year has come. Its festivities, perhaps less lavish than in some former years, but everywhere demonstrating a spirit of genuine good heart, are passed.

On all sides one finds the same evidence that England is herself again.

In this Number:

MADGE GARLAND
contributes a
FORECAST OF FASHION

HORS d'ŒUVRES
Mayfair and its Social Movements
by "CAVIARE"

The Knell of the Country House
by Frank Hird

AMERICA, by her senseless policy of draining gold from Europe year after year since the War, finds she is no richer. Rather is she poorer to-day, on a rough estimate supplied by herself, by twenty thousand millions of pounds than she was in 1929.

OUR near neighbour, France, heedless of the American example, is blindly pursuing the same gold-hoarding policy.

England alone of all the countries of the world has set her feet firmly on rock-bottom and looks forward with cheerful confidence to the future, always assuming the Government shows itself to be National in deed and not only in name, and drops the stigma of being "Coalition," which means being governed by the timid and halting views of a tiny minority. At present we have too much Liberalism and not enough Imperialism.

LADY HOUSTON, who is so famed for her acts of generosity, which often prove so embarrassing to the Government of the day, has sent us the following New Year message:

DEAR PEOPLE OF ENGLAND,—

To call the biggest majority of Conservatives ever known a National Government was, in reality, a diabolical scheme to introduce Bolshevism into England.

And that it has succeeded is proved by the fact that after two months' hard labour the National Government has brought forth a paltry tariff on a few early vegetables and flowers, and then, with an insolent smirk, asks for approbation. The farmers were promised prosperity. What have they got? A threefold increase in the dumping of everything which they could have grown and supplied, and the National Government with a glow of satisfaction now tell us that the next

A WEDDING AND THREE ENGAGEMENTS

thing for them to do is to attend conferences, which we already know always end in a helpless, hopeless muddle.

And it is for this that party government has to be destroyed and the already accursed name "National" substituted. It is not national in the least, for the Liberals were manufactured in Ramsay MacDonald's factory for turning Conservatives into synthetic make-believes and shams.

Nothing really fine or true or honest has been done, and how can you expect it when the Prime Minister is the same man who has brought failure to his party and almost ruin to the country each time he has been Prime Minister, and who is, moreover, a Socialist?

Mr. Baldwin committed *hari-kari* when he said "Hear, hear!" to Mr. MacDonald's diatribe of drivel, and the mantle of leadership was hurled from his shoulders with a flop into the mud.

The crying need of the country today is for a leader who realises the dangers of delay, and who will strive to bring back prosperity; but this will never be done by expensive joy-rides to Geneva with a retinue of hundreds of secretaries.

Who is to be your next leader? I modestly suggest that you might do worse than your humble servant

LUCY HOUSTON.

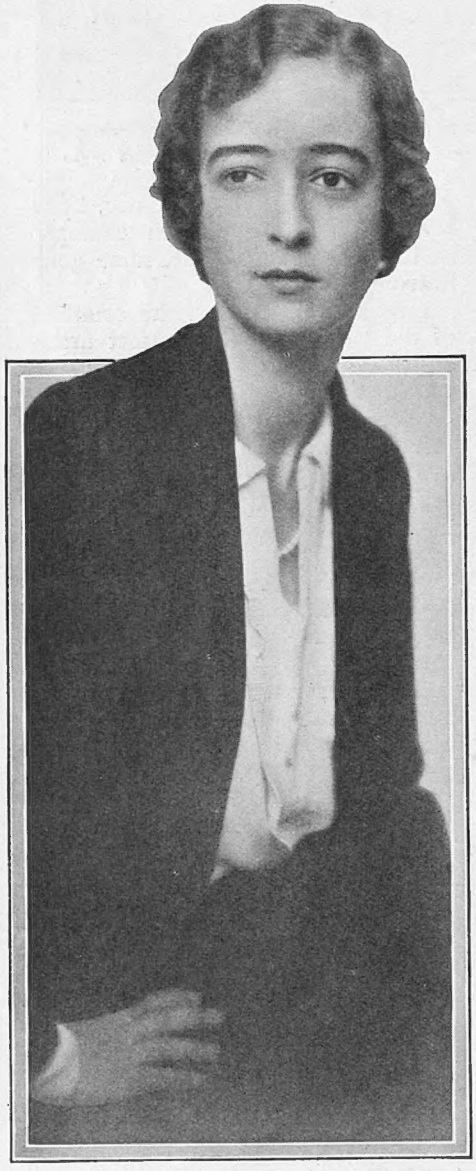
Claude Harris

Miss Jean Hay, whose marriage to Mr. William Makins, the elder son of Sir Paul Makins, Bart., will be one of the early social occasions of this year. She is the daughter of the late Lord Arthur Hay and of Mrs. Robert Leatham

Miss Frances D. Bosworth, of Evanstown, Illinois, whose father is a cousin of General Dawes, the American Ambassador. She is engaged to Dr. Trevor Charles Stamp, the son of Sir Josiah Stamp, the Chairman of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway

Hay Wrightson

Miss Florentia Poore, the daughter of the late Mr. Mark Saurin Poore and of Mrs. Poore of Hanslope Park, Bucks, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Leslie Haslett. She is a niece of the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon



Lenare

Yesterday's bride. The Hon. Sheila Bampfylde, whose marriage to Mr. D. F. B. Stucley, Grenadier Guards, took place yesterday, January 5, at North Molton. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Poltimore

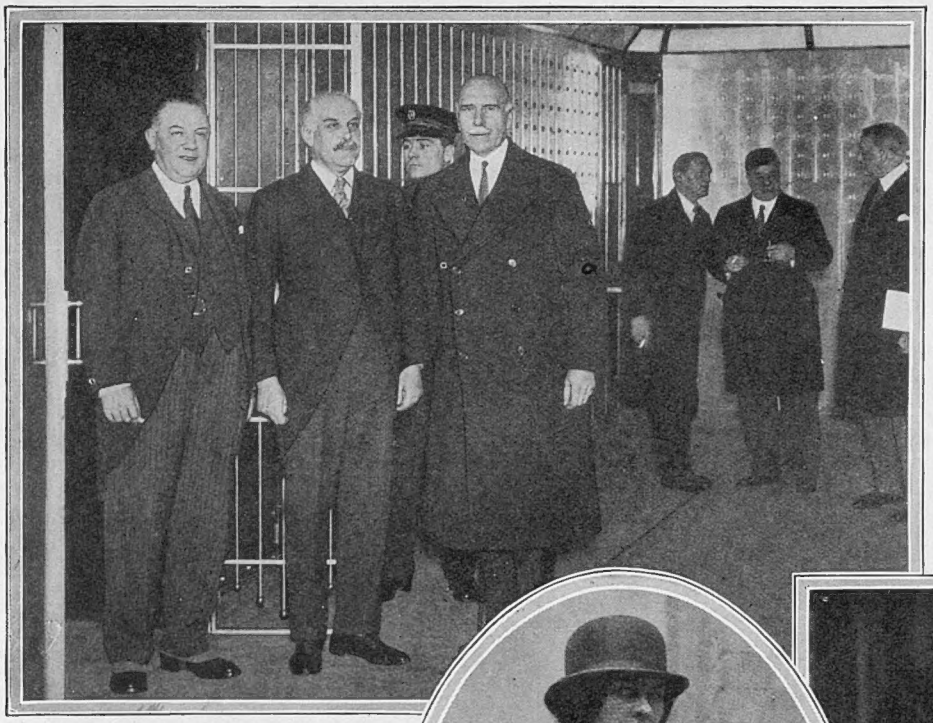
At any rate, there is no one bolder or more direct in her public utterances than Lady Houston, but we think too much of her to believe that she, as a woman, would think of entertaining the worry and scurry of Parliamentary life, with all its intrigues and petty snobberies.

S

I HEAR interesting rumours of an impending fight between two famous engineering firms to secure the services of a not less famous designer. For the moment I cannot say more. But I may hint that, if the fight goes one way, a new factory, employing not less than a thousand men, will certainly be started immediately.

From which thought there is a natural train to the giant Cunarder "534," on which construction has had to be suspended. There are many people who think that Sir Percy Bates, the chairman of Cunard, made a grave error in allowing his board to decide on construction in such troublous and difficult times.

ENTERTAINING IN THE NEW YEAR



The Earl of Athlone, who is one of the depositors, seen at the opening of the wonderful new London Safe Deposit, the largest in the world, in Dorland House, Regent Street. With him are Sir Josiah Stamp (centre), who performed the opening ceremony, and, on left, Mr. James M. Kettle, the Managing Director of Dorland's Agency

THE Transatlantic services have been operating only with difficulty for some time past, and to contemplate putting on to the service a much larger vessel, requiring still more passengers to make her running an economic proposition, was, to say the least of it, daring. On the other hand, the curse of our industrialists as a whole is that they do not dare enough. The Cunard, in the opinion of most persons, ought to be helped, if only to regain the blue riband of the Transatlantic speed liners for our country.

AT present, the list of parties arranged for the first weeks of the New Year does not suggest any large amount of private entertaining. But I have no doubt that the French Exhibition will bring a lot of people to London who might otherwise be spending January quietly in the country. Moreover, the recent hard frosts look like putting a stop to hunting for some time to come.

MOST of last week's parties were held on the excuse of giving a send-off to friends going to distant lands. There was Lady Queensberry's very jolly dance for Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie, who have gone off to India. And at the Embassy lots of

W. A. Rouch

Miss Iris Ford, of Kimbers House, Bray, who is engaged to Capt. Frank V. Spooner, the noted amateur rider. She is well known in racing circles and at horse-shows

the prettiest women in London had gathered together one night to say farewell to Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, just off to New York. Soon, I suppose, we shall hear of a bon voyage party for young Lord and Lady Dufferin, before his departure with one of the Round Table committees to India.

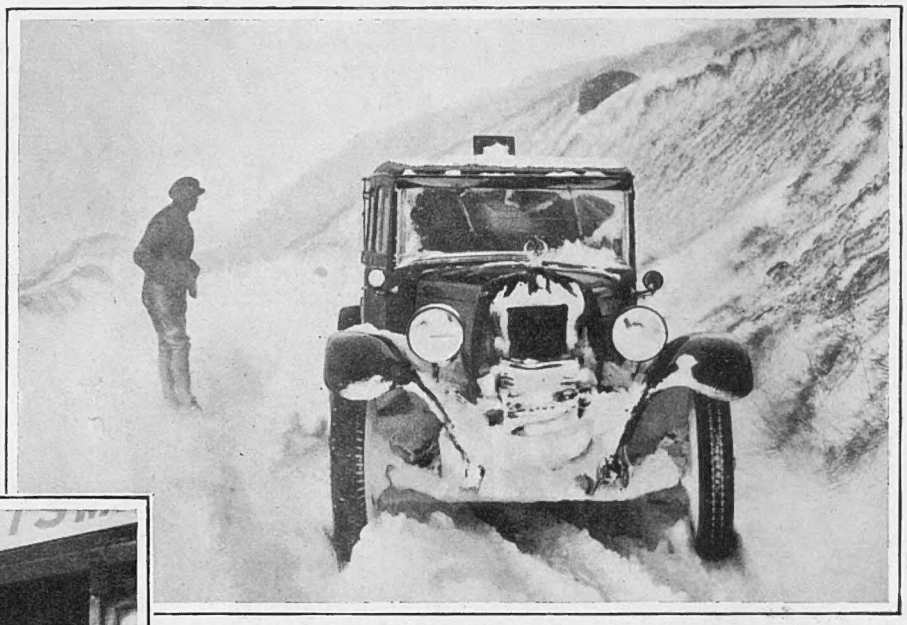
ONE of the pleasantest of the late Christmas parties I went to was given by Mr. Douglas Furber. They are annual functions, given only for the benefit of his intimate friends. This time Mr. Jack Buchanan, with whom he has co-operated in writing and producing so many excellent musical shows, had made the long journey from Liverpool specially for the occasion. Mr. Buchanan had travelled to London on the night train, and was going back at eight o'clock next morning for a matinée. Miss Marie Blanche, an old vaudeville favourite who doesn't look a day older, and Miss Lea Seidl, were among the guests present.

Lenare

Miss Sylvia Finlay, the younger daughter of Mrs. Ralph Eastwood and step-daughter of Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Eastwood, of the Rifle Brigade. She is engaged to Mr. Maurice Alberic Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes

WINTER SPORTS IN SCOTLAND

MR. FURBER'S plan for a Christmas party is to break up the party into a series of "ridiculous games"—his phrase—such as Peggoty, Corinthian Bagatelle, Memory Test, and so on, and to distribute large numbers of dazzling prizes. Moreover, the first prize does not always go to the best player. Mr. Furber keeps a hidden number, and, incidentally, I suspect, does not determine the particular prize for the event until he knows who has won it. Thus everybody is sent away staggering under a burden of just those presents he had intended to give them, plus the impression that they are very clever people.



ONE WAY OF REACHING BRAEMAR—

A car with winter sports enthusiasts battling against the all-too-seasonable elements which impeded its journey to Braemar. The photograph was taken on the road from Blairgowrie to Glenshee

—AND ANOTHER WAY

A winter sports enthusiast, complete with skis, boarding the Flying Scotsman at King's Cross. She is en route for Braemar where winter sports are now in full fling—or, rather, in full Highland fling—for the gathering to be found there vies in numbers of well-known people with that which assembles for the annual games

Marian Lewis

The Marchioness of Cambridge, who is the Chairman of the Peter Pan Party to be held in the new Ballroom at Claridge's on January 14. With her is her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, who will take a number of young friends to the party

THE triumph of M. Jorga, the Roumanian Premier, in at last bringing about the banishment of Mme. Lupescu, will be welcomed, if secretly, by the bulk of the Roumanian aristocracy. Secretly, because to speak unguardedly of the King in Roumania is to court trouble.

For long they have wished that King Carol would free himself of this entanglement. In all

IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS LIST

other respects he has filled the difficult rôle of king, since he returned to the throne, most admirably.

S

No ruler has worked harder in his efforts to restore the prosperity of his country. He is in his office from dawn till late at night. Nevertheless, he is by no means a popular monarch outside his country. His recent attitude towards Prince Nicholas, who in making a morganatic marriage only imitated his elder brother, with improvements, looked as though the King made one law unto himself with the rest nowhere.

S

There were no real surprises among the birthday honours. Colonel Wilfrid Ashley has at last been translated to the House of Lords after two years of rumours, and so has Mr. Walter Guinness. I wonder what titles they will take. Mr. Guinness lives at Heath House, Hampstead, and there is no Lord Hampstead. But then he is not Lord of the Manor. Colonel Ashley has a place in Sligo, and another in Hampshire. Perhaps he will blossom out as Lord Romsey or Lord Cassiebawn. He cannot remain Lord Ashley in view of Lord Shaftesbury's son and heir.

S

To award a peerage to Mr. Clifford Allen is, however, a queer sort of New Year gesture on the part of a government calling itself National. Mr. Allen's chief claims to fame are that he was a conscientious objector during the War and formed a pacifist league called the No-Conscription Fellowship, and visited Soviet Russia in 1920. Any stranger reason for giving a man a coronet would be difficult to find. Among the knighthoods is "Mr. Everyman's" creator and a whole lot of mediocrities. There is, however, one strange omission, which everyone will notice after all the gossip about it when the King went to see *Cavalcade*, and that is Noel Coward. There was any amount of talk about his becoming a knight, but perhaps the easiest way in these days is to be renowned as a pacifist, for which the reward is a barony, than to be a man who is merely gifted with a deep sense of patriotism.

By Helen McKie

New Year's Eve was a wonderful night at that popular place, the Café de Paris, for a special Gala incorporating many novel and attractive features was arranged. Above is seen our artist's impression of the interior of the Café de Paris when the gaiety was at its height

Among those who are off to warmer climates at the moment are Lord and Lady Carnarvon, who are going to South America; Lord Lovelace, who is returning to Tanganyika; Sir Delves and Lady Broughton, who have gone off to Kenya; and Lord Tennyson, who is taking a cricket team out to the West Indies. Lord and Lady Bradford, on the other

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS IN THE WEST END

Photographs
Mr. Laddie Cliff and his party, who saw the New Year in at the Piccadilly Hotel revel in the restaurant

Midnight at Grosvenor House. Diners in the re N

Miss Eva Scott-Thompson and Mr. Donald Mackay, who were among those who saw the New Year in at the Piccadilly Hotel

Miss Nora Swinburne and a friend, who saw in the New Year in the restaurant at Grosvenor House

hand, have been kept in England owing to the illness of their fourteen-year-old daughter, Lady Joan Bridgeman.

Lady Ancaster's dance at Grimthorpe, I hear, went on until all hours. Staying in the house was Lady Joan Marjoribanks, who has just returned from the United States. Mrs. Charles Birkin took a party to this dance, which included most of her family. For example, there were Mrs. Dudley Ward, Mrs. Blew-Jones, Mrs. Tim Seely, and Mrs. Dudley Ward's daughter Penelope, whose first party it was. She is a very pretty girl, and will be presented at Court this year. Mrs. Birkin's son Charles is now working, by the way, at Philip Allen's, the publishers.

UNUSUAL interest is being shown in the wedding that will take place on January 20, when Miss Joan Van den Bergh marries Mr. F. A. A. Instone. Miss Van den Bergh is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Henry Van den Bergh, of Regent's Park, and a granddaughter of Mr. Jacob Van den Bergh, the founder of the firm known by that name. Mr. Instone is an Old Etonian, and was "Keeper of the Wall" at Eton in 1928. He now plays Rugby regularly for the London Welsh, and was in the recent Welsh International trial match at Newport, and is a nephew of Sir Samuel and Lady Instone.

Enter the New Year. The pretty little tot who was lifted from a big clock in the restaurant of the Piccadilly Hotel at midnight

THE New Year has already proved agitating to secretaries appealing on behalf of various hospitals. Many of their staunchest supporters have been compelled to refuse these annual requests

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

e New Year with "Auld Lang Syne"

Sasha

The Brazilian Consul's party at Grosvenor House. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Bevilaqua, Mr. and Mrs. de Borros, and Mr. Maia Monterro, the Consul

for help either by ignoring them or by frankly explaining why this year they cannot weigh in with a hoped-for contribution.

I MAY add that the Ministry of Transport expects an enormous decline in the revenue from the motor-car tax. It is estimated that there will be a decrease of at least three-quarters of a million in the first three months of the year, although usually three-fifths of the revenue is collected during January, February and March.

BUT this does not necessarily mean that the country is worse off than ever. I was talking to a director of one of the biggest and most prosperous concerns in the country, and he told me not to fall into the depths of pessimism because things would appear rather black in January and February. His prediction was that things would take a turn for the better in March, and from that month onward there would be a gradual but positive improvement.

THE popularity of the annual Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall appears to grow with the years, and, the present financial situation notwithstanding, there seemed to be more people than ever present there on New Year's Eve. In pleasant contrast to the "rough housing" which has sometimes been painfully evident in the past, the parade of Arts Schools students with their various ingeniously devised exhibits passed off without any horseplay. This was all to the good, for the students spend much time and trouble devising and making these "show-pieces," and it is not unnatural that they should resent them being smashed up before they have been given a fair showing.

RACING HINTS *By "Old Orkney"*

COLUMBUS gave a fine display in a three miles 'chase at Kempton, and must not be missed over this distance. Finished second to The Moy.

ARUNTIUS can be depended upon to improve on his Gatwick form. Carried good money which will be recovered in a 'chase.

THRUMSTER was no match for the consistent Golden Miller at Newbury, but I confidently expect he will be winning a maiden race over fences shortly. Wager on him at Gatwick.

INSURANCE made a game effort to overhaul Song of Essex at Kempton, but the latter had gained a big lead entering the straight. Is at his best and should not be missed.

GLEESOME was well fancied at Cheltenham, but was unable to concede 11 lbs. to Mirabout. Started a warm favourite. Watch for a two miles 'chase.

MAMBO can be safely marked down as a winner soon. Suffered defeat in a 1½ miles Hurdle race by a short head only at Newbury.

Yevonde

The Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, one of the famous Ruthven twins, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Llewelyn Davies. The latter is a ward of Sir James Barrie

HORS D'OEUVRES

ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S FEATURE

By "CAVIARE"

FEW women can look as well on a horse as Mrs. Freddie Cripps, who was formerly the Duchess of Westminster. She is also an authority on correct hunting equipment; there are many "falls" for the unwary! Lady Kathleen Rollo is very neat, a difficult achievement nowadays with false "buns." Lord Londonderry's third daughter, Lady Helen, has a good seat, and few women "go" as well as Lady Warrender. If the story of the débutante who "over-rode" the Belvoir hounds is true—she has considerably enlarged her vocabulary!

* * *

I WONDER if any family can boast of its looks as easily as the Lygons? Lady Lettice Cotterell, the only married member, is very tall, slim and beautiful, while her sisters, Lady Sybil, Lady Mary and Lady Dorothy Lygon, are all equally attractive in their own individual ways.

* * *

I THINK it was Mrs. Elinor Glyn who first referred to them as "goddesses," a nickname by which many people know them now, and together they are certainly overwhelming for a mere man.

* * *

BLACK furs have had a great vogue this winter so far. Sealskin has trimmed Lady Plunket's blue coat and Lady Dunn's replica, and Miss Jeanne Stuart's angel-skin evening jacket. Silver fox has graced the Duchess of Westminster's ermine coat and framed the Duchess of York's charming little head, and black ermine has made a tiny coat for pretty Miss Nellie Briercliffe.

* * *

NEW Year's Eve parties were great fun and so gay. Mrs. Eddie Baron's buffet dinner was so amusing; hers was a postponed party originally intended for her birthday last month, when she was unfortunately laid-up. Mrs. Baron has a wonderful collection of jewellery; her rubies being rivalled by turquoises, pearls, and a diamond set. Her aunt by marriage, Lady Baron, prefers emeralds, but hers, although very lovely, cannot excel Madame de Pena's perfect necklace.

* * *

THE platinum streak which Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Miss Margery Lawrence wear across their dark brown hair is to be supplanted by the platinum curl at the nape of the neck. I saw a very smart woman in brown lace at the Café de Paris with such a curl brushed into the low roll of her brunette hair, and very attractive it looked. At the same place Miss Celia Johnson looked wistful in black chiffon with taffeta cuffs, and Lord Ashfield's youngest daughter, Mrs. Barford, was on the balcony watching Viola Tree wobble on a bicycle.

* * *

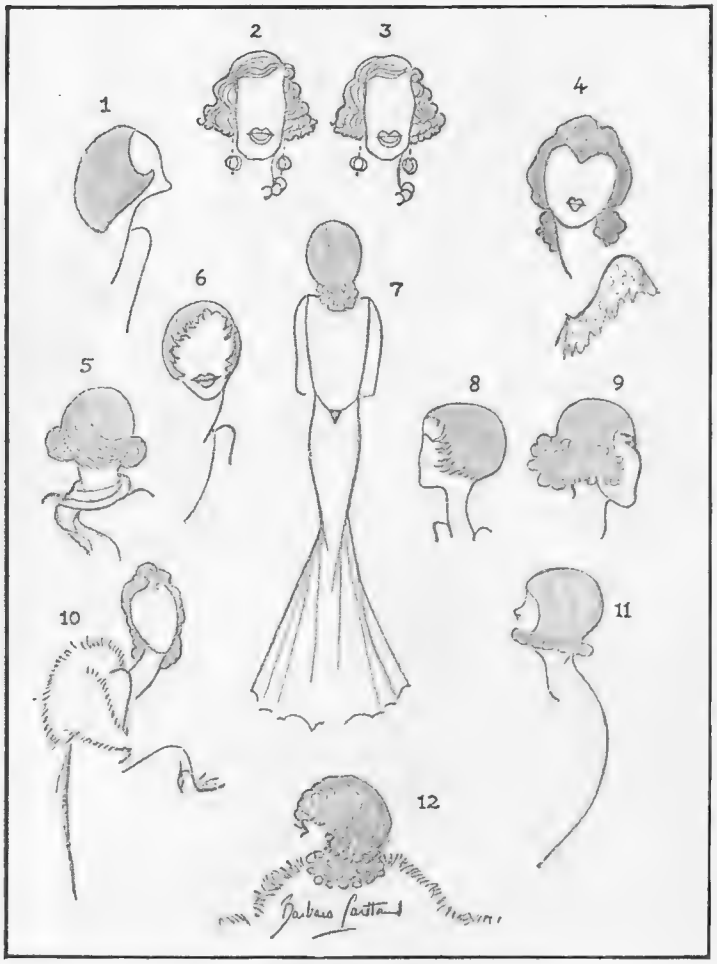
LADY HADDINGTON has the most lovely and delicate choice in clothes; it is always a joy to see her after regarding endless women arrayed in what they are pleased to call "simple French lines." Her newest dress is of deep pink tulle with a design in the same material all over the tiny cape and full skirt.

* * *

CAN anyone as lovely as Gloria Swanson find peace and quiet even in Ireland? She has gone there with her brand-new husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, who, incidentally, is her fourth. Gloria Swanson's new film is "To-night or Never," in which, all seduction and pouting-mouthed, she plays the part of a temperamental Grand Opera singer.

* * *

MRS. ALEXANDER McCORQUODALE, better known as Barbara Cartland, has drawn an amusing caricature of well-known "Embassy-ites." Here is an intriguing little competition for you! The first reader whose postcard reaches me by the first post on Monday, January 11, containing the correct names, will receive a cheque for two guineas. The Editor's decision must remain (as always) final.



"EMBASSY-ITES"

Identify the twelve ladies seen above, who are well-known in Mayfair Society, and win £2 2 0. Send your solutions to "Caviare," care of "The Bystander." Solutions must reach us by the first post on Monday next, January 11, at the latest

By Houghton

MISS GLORIA SWANSON

The famous film star, who recently married for the fourth time to become Mrs. Michael Farmer. As her evening dress proves, the famous Cambridge "backs" have nothing on her!

BY STARR WOOD

AT OLYMPIA: THE GRAND PARADE OF THE CLOWNS

Bertram Mills's Annual Circus at Olympia provides a veritable feast of fun which proves very much to the liking of the thousands of children who visit it. The clowns, many in number and weird and wonderful in make-up, are special favourites, whose antics do very much to add to the gaiety of the proceedings

AT THE PLAY

EXCITEMENT, FARCE, AN

"The Gay Adventure," at the Whitehall Theatre

THIS comedy is well named and shows the dramatist, Walter Hackett, in his very best form. Indeed, I do not think he has written a better play since *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*. On occasions our Mr. Hackett gets his characters into such a horrible mess that he is unable to rescue them with neatness and despatch before the curtain finally falls, but in *The Gay Adventure* he has provided a satisfactory finish, with few loose ends left hanging about, to what is a gay and adventurous play.

WE start off in a restaurant which this dramatist so loves to depict. In the room above a murder is committed. In a room below there is a dinner party, arranged by a couple of foxes to which a pair of geese are invited. What these rogues were really up to I am not quite sure, but it was some sort of confidence trick which was baited with an historical hook, this being that the four who sit down to dine are the direct descendants of D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers.

ANYONE less like D'Artagnan than the diffident Mr. Richard Darnton it would be impossible to imagine; but in a "flash back" we see him exercising his skill as swordsman and lover, and, incidentally, providing one of the best duels seen on the stage since Sir Henry Irving played in *The Corsican Brothers*.

HEAVEN forbid that I should set down in cold blood and chronological order all the adventures which befall Mr. Richard Darnton when, fired by the doings of his ancestors, he befriends beauty in distress and even becomes suspected of murder. It shows how he was stirred by the great D'Artagnan's doings that he really and truly knocked down an Inspector of Police!

AND when I tell you that this part of diffidence drawn into deeds of derring-doe is played by Seymour Hicks, you may perhaps realise how amusing it is made. There is no actor on the stage quite like him. In comedy parts such as this he is unapproachable. He is equally at home in cape and sword drama as he is in evening clothes, and here, where he has to combine the two with an airy grace and sheathe his sword which, later on, is only an umbrella, he does it to the manner born.

ON occasions I have known this actor descend from the heights of artistry to cheap effects in order, I suppose, to get a laugh from the groundlings. I am thankful to say that in *The Gay Adventure* he plays throughout in the key of the highest comedy, never clowning the part in the slightest, and acting with a distinction and lightness of touch which is entirely satisfying.

AND what better foil could there be to the precision of Hicks than the humour of Marion Lorne, who once again enacts the part of a good-hearted, chuckle-headed, woolly minded woman. There is a long scene between these two in the second act which is comedy at its best and brightest.

BUT, as is usual at the Whitehall Theatre, there is an admirable cast to support the principals. Richard Gray, Charles Quartermaine, and Eric Maturin have important parts, and, of course, the latter is one of the crooks! One day some genius casting a mystery play will put everyone off the scent by making him a perfectly reputable member of society! Meanwhile he and these other two actors help to add to the amusement and excitement of this very gay adventure.

July Romney (Marion Lorne) is the heroine of "The Gay Adventure," to whom Richard Darnton, played by Seymour Hicks, is attracted. She appears to him as his lover in a scene in which the D'Artagnan of Dumas figures, interpolated in the middle of Walter Hackett's very modern play

SKETCHES OF "THE GAY ADVENTURE," AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

SENTIMENT — By Vernon Woodhouse

"It's a Girl," at the Strand Theatre

"NOW you're at the Strand I wish you joy, first a girl and then a boy," is a paraphrase utterly spoilt by the fact that Messrs. Leslie Henson and Frith Shephard were first delivered of a boy, and have now produced *It's a Girl.*

I ALMOST wish they had followed the phrasing of the original couplet, for the feminine product is—as yet at all events—not quite so funny as the male, though there is a distinct family resemblance. Author Austin Melford hasn't troubled much about a plot, and consequently there are no amusing situations which arise naturally from the story; but for the sake of the principal comedians he has dragged in three music-hall sort of sketches which could be cut out without any of the audience being a penny the wiser.

BUT though the audience may realise that these scenes are extraneous, yet they are the making of the play. It would be a great loss to miss Messrs. Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard attempting to open a safe in which an incriminating paper reposes. It would be a greater pity to miss them as an Eastern Seer and his female assistant recalling the past and foretelling the future, and it would be the greatest pity of all not to see this funny pair in the rôle of seedy general practitioner and hospital nurse.

SYDNEY HOWARD and Leslie Henson work admirably together. The pompous stolidity of Sydney Howard, the unhurried, is a fine foil to the mercurial methods of Leslie Henson, and, as in action, so in expression. While a slow smile is gradually forming on the Howard phiz, the Henson features have expressed many emotions. Individually they are hard to beat; jointly they are unbeatable.

ACTOR-AUTHOR AUSTIN MELFORD, in a third distinct way, helps to keep the pot a-boiling, and Connie Ediss does much with a part none too effective, but better, at any rate, than those played as well as possible by Muriel Montrose, Vesta Sylva, and Jeanne Stuart.

"Max and Mr. Max," at the Vaudeville

I WILL make this notice as short as I fear the run will be. This Spanish play, adapted by Cecil Madden, has an amusing idea—that of a man's conscience taking shape in human form—ruined by its treatment. It ought to be funny, but it isn't, and it gets less and less amusing as the play proceeds. And not even D. A. Clarke-Smith, Nicholas Hannen, Edmund Gwenn, and Kathleen O'Regan—a good enough cast in all conscience in human shape or not—can fight a losing battle successfully.

"The Faithful Heart," at the Comedy Theatre

AFTER an interval of nearly eleven years *The Faithful Heart* has been revived at the Comedy Theatre, where this play by Monckton Hoffe was first produced. I retain a vivid recollection of this production and remember saying nice things about it "in another place"—which must not be construed into meaning that I spoke of its merits in the House of Lords.

AFTER such a lapse of time it is always of interest to a critic to revisit a play which one has praised to discover if one's judgment has altered, especially as, in this case, I was taken to task by a friend who,

Richard Darnton (Seymour Hicks) discovers he is a descendant of D'Artagnan, and our artist here depicts him as his ancestor when a "flash back" in "The Gay Adventure" precipitates him into the past

Stage Photo Co.

A scene from "The Faithful Heart" at the Comedy Theatre, reviewed on this page, in which Lieut.-Col. Waverley Ango (Godfrey Tearle) introduces his illegitimate daughter, Blacky (Margaret Vines) to his fiancée, Diana Oughterson (Grizelda Hervey)

after the first production, accused me of praising "sloppy sentiment."

S

NOW, if there is one thing in the world which I loathe it is sentiment which *is* sloppy. That is why I did not like *Autumn Crocus*, which, to my mind, combines sloppiness with utterly false psychology. But I remain entirely unrepentant about *The Faithful Heart*, which I consider the best play that that somewhat uneven dramatist, Monckton Hoffe, has yet written.

S

GIVEN such a character as Waverley Ango who, first and foremost, was a sailor by instinct, it seems to me quite possible that, though in the Great War he rose to high rank and mixed with the "upper suckles," and became engaged to a wealthy girl whose family are prepared to help him financially, when he discovers suddenly that he is the father of a grown-up illegitimate daughter he should throw over the flesh pots and the wealthy fiancée in order to devote himself to this new-found daughter, who looks forward to sharing with him life on a tramp steamer.

THAT, in brief, is the main theme of the play, which *could* have been made both silly and sloppy, but which, I still maintain, is not, thanks to the sane artistry with which it is written. I remain entirely unrepentant in my verdict, and still consider that *The Faithful Heart* is one of the most charming and affecting comedies of modern times.

ONCE again Godfrey Tearle plays Waverley Ango, and I can think of no actor who could do it better. Always manly and never mawkish, it is a performance which rings true throughout. The part of Blacky, the girl in the prologue, and that of her daughter in the play, is now taken by Margaret Vines, a young actress of distinct promise. She was good in *Take Two from One* when lately appearing at the Haymarket. At the Comedy she has far greater chances, and seizes on every one of them.

S

RUTH MAITLAND, the landlady of the Southampton Inn, and Rothbury Evans, the boots, repeat admirable performances. Patrick Curwen makes much of the drunken major, and Grizelda Hervey is infinitely better as the wealthy fiancée than the actress who played this part on its first production. This revival is a distinctly happy idea.

V. W.

Peter North

Ivy Tresmand, appearing as the Princess in the pantomime, "Aladdin," at the Lyric Theatre Hammersmith. This salubrious suburb has gone all Eastern, for another "Aladdin" can also be seen at the King's Theatre near by

IRIS BROWN

As a very up-to-date Grecian maid. The lovely dresses and equally lovely girls contribute materially to the charm of "Helen!"

HELEN!

By
A. P. HERBERT
MAX REINHARDT
C. B. COCHRAN
ERIC KORNGOLD
OLIVER MESSEL
MASSINE and
OFFENBACH
(up-to-date)

MADELINE GIBSON

In demure pose and clothes. "Helen!" should bring to the classics a theatrical fame undreamt of at our universities!

W. H. Berry, seen above in the rôle of Calchas, has a good part and does full justice to the witty lines provided by A. P. Herbert, who is at his best in this sparkling libretto

King Priam of Troy, played by Trevor Moss. The welding of Offenbach's music with the irreverent bandying about of Greek mythology makes an entertainment new to the modern generation

AT THE CHELTENHAM 'CHASES

Mrs. Pease (left), Lady Blanche Douglas, Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Smith-Bingham get busy marking their cards in the paddock between the races

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Yorke chatting with the popular author, Mr. Evelyn Waugh. The latter has been staying at Earl Beauchamp's seat, Madresfield Court

Miss Fawcett-Butler and Miss Hilda Rahe seen in the paddock at Cheltenham debating the great problem of what to back and what not to back in the next race

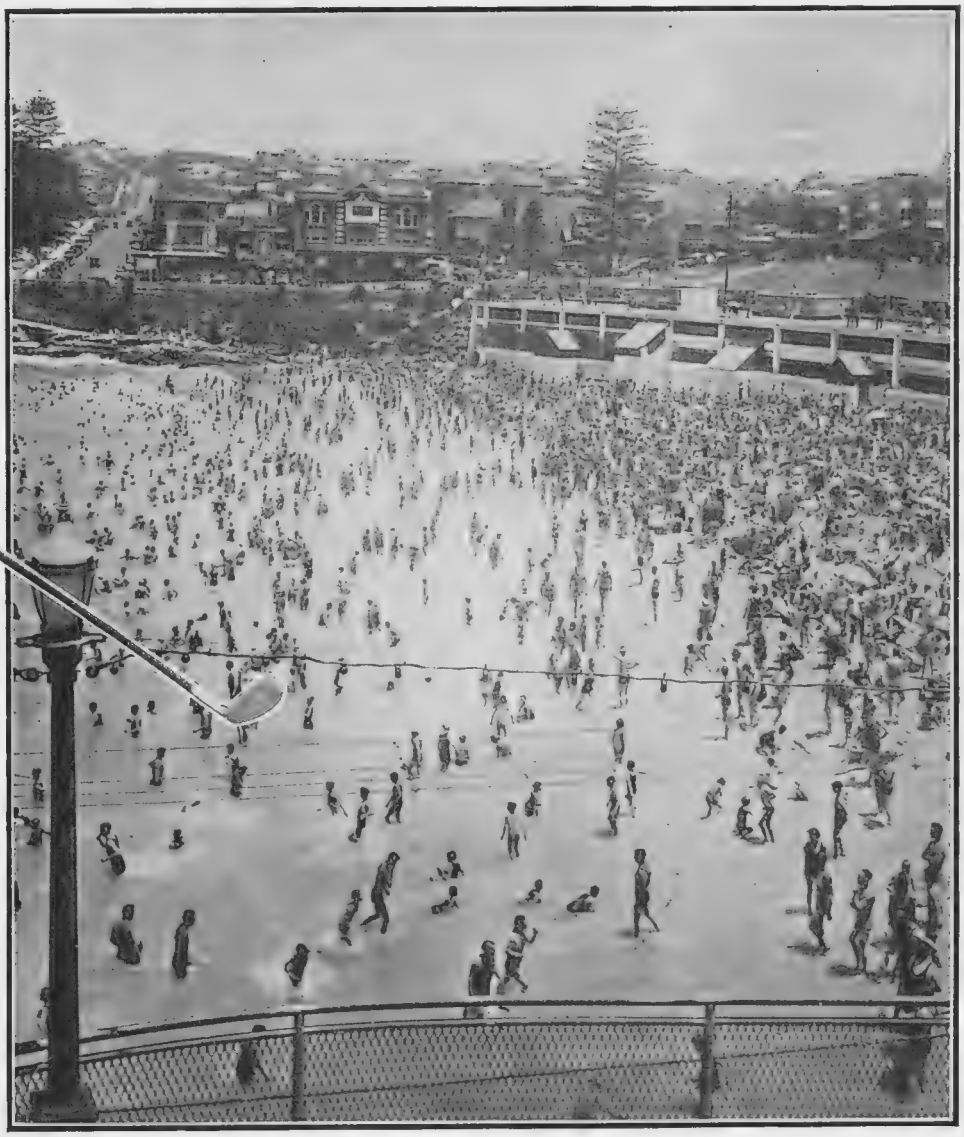
Inset above: Capt. Patterson and Lady Amy Biddulph snapped in the paddock at the recent steeplechases at Cheltenham, when many "well-knowns" were present

Mrs. Smith-Bingham (left), Mrs. Dunne, and Miss Fenwick find "Glowing Brazier" to be a red-hot thing at Cheltenham, where the cold weather was none too pleasant

"THE BYSTANDER"—ABROAD

The New Vatican City. Vast improvements and increased amenities are being added to Vatican City, Rome, and above is a general view of the work in progress as seen from the top of the new Vatican Radio Station

The problem of how to get his golf ball out of a bunker at Ormond Beach, Florida, is evidently occupying the mind of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., the ninety-three-year-old retired oil king whose fortune is mounting up by about a hundred dollars while he is playing out



SUMMER TIME—IN SYDNEY

A picture of Coogee Beach, Sydney, Australia, famous as a resort. Safety is provided against sharks by having an enclosure for the surf bathers, who find the water quite crowded enough without their presence

Round & About

by Jane Gordon

It is high time that somebody compiled a little volume of excuses which could be included in the ordinary household reference books such as telephone directories, address books, and dictionaries. Think how useful those lovely bound sets of reference books that one buys at Asprey's or Finnigan's would be if, instead of a Spanish dictionary, they had a volume of this description. It would, of course, be largely a reference book for women, and would be divided into various sections under the headings of "Excuses to one's family—to fathers for over-hasty expenditure of allowance; to brothers and sisters for borrowing various articles; to mothers" (which would be largely suggested explanations as to what one had been doing and whom one had been doing it with). There would be sections for explanations as to why letters had not been answered, bills had not been paid; and a considerable section devoted to excuses for being late for business appointments or for luncheon and dinner engagements.

It struck me how much a book of this kind was needed the other evening when a very pretty girl rushed into the Embassy twenty minutes late for dinner, and her excuse was so poor that the other guests did not even bother to listen to it. Although it was an exceedingly gay evening, and the place was crowded, all the young women wore black or dull shades of grey and mauve. They looked as if they were mourning for the income-tax demands that their fathers or husbands had just received. Miss Betty Mossop-Fletcher, who had just come from Paris, was wearing a lovely dress of flat black crêpe, plainly tailored, and trimmed with three large bunchy red roses at the base of the V-shaped décolletage at the back. Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper was with another party, and she wore a long black velvet coat with a cape that was cut to a deep point at the back, and buttoned high up at her neck. She danced in this long coat, and it was most effective with her very fair hair and bright colouring.

Elwin Neame

COMTESSA DE VILLENEUVE

Who, with her husband, has been honeymooning in Great Britain. The Comtessa, who was formerly Mme. de Naess, is one of the best-dressed women in the world, and recently paid public tribute to the chic of London women

One of the prettiest American girls visiting here at the moment is Miss Dodge. She is unusually tall for an American, with a beautiful figure and masses of fair hair, and she walks as only really lovely American girls can walk. At the Dorchester the other night she was wearing a white georgette evening frock with a back décolletage consisting of cross-over diamanté braces, a black evening coat trimmed with two enormous white foxes, and the most lovely silver sandals embroidered in green silk.

Thank goodness there is at least one man in London who refuses to be subdued into wearing the ordinary drab dinner jacket. Mr. Claude Grahame-White appeared at a cocktail party a few evenings ago dressed in the most enchanting corded water-silk dinner jacket with satin revers, and his monogram embroidered in dark grey on the breast pocket. He quite outshone all the women, who were garbed in rather plain cloths and woollen materials. Mrs. Grahame-White (Ethel Levy) was wearing a black dress and an amusing little jacket made of bright gold material, cut rather low and draped at the back.

A woman who has the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in the world is staying in London just now. She is Comtessa de Villeneuve, and she certainly has exceedingly good taste both with her clothes and her jewellery. She is one of the very few women who wears her hair quite straight, and has no make-up on her face except for lipstick. She was at a supper party a few nights ago and wore an orchid-coloured dress of heavy crêpe with a square décolletage. At each corner of the décolletage in front was a heavy diamond clip.

There is only one dressmaker in London who takes the trouble to give the clothes he designs amusing names. I was admiring an evening dress that Miss Mollie Le Bas was wearing one evening this week. It was of deep currant-coloured romaine, beautifully tailored, with a draped back and a tiny bib on the front décolletage. She told me she had bought it because she could not resist its name, which was "No fooling."

PASSING SMILES

"Only two things prevent you from being a really great footballer."

"And what are they?"

"Your feet!"

* * *

"Mother, was baby sent down from heaven?"

"Yes, darling."

"I suppose they like to have things quiet up there, don't they?"

* * *

"What did your landlady do when she found you had left the light burning for three days?"

"She turned us both out!"

By A. R. Cane

"Why don't you want to learn to skate?"
"Because I think you get much more of a thrill out of it not being able to!"

if Gossip we must

A CASUAL reading of the political history of the year from which we have just emerged, as sketched by the Socialist Party through the medium of its official organ, would lead one to suppose that the People of England would by now be at the millennium had it not been for the wicked wiles of the Conservatives. The present Government, under the sway of its Conservative majority (and who, pray, elected that majority but the People of England?), has, it seems, spent its time undoing the good work the Socialists began and in "murdering" their Bills. One instance of the National Government's wickedness, given with a great howl of indignation, is that the Trades Disputes Bill ("designed to restore to the Trades Unions the rights of which they were deprived after the general strike of 1926") was scotched.

THE Trades Unions were deprived of no "rights," save the right to tyrannise over their members, to use a man's money to further political

Stage Photo Co.

Muriel Montrose, who plays the part of Cynthia Snape, the snaky vamp, in "It's a Girl!" the new farce at the Strand Theatre. The company includes Sydney Howard, Leslie Henson, Connie Ediss and Austin Melford, the last named being also the author of "It's a Girl!" which seems destined to enjoy a long run

Dorothy Wilding

Helen Gilliland, who is playing in the latest revival of "The Merry Widow," which started a preliminary canter at the Streatham Theatre on Boxing Day before coming to the West End. George Graves is once again the Baron Popoff—that proud possessor of "Hetty the Hen"—and Carl Brisson is also in the cast

Sasha

DOROTHY DICKSON

The Principal Boy in the pantomime, "Dick Whittington" at the Garrick Theatre. She is seen at home trying over some of the songs she sings in the show

A PANTOMIME PLEA

An elderly dramatic critic has been bewailing the passing of the hearty personal song from our pantomimes, and insists that the introduction of an old-fashioned type of provocative lyric would infuse fresh blood into our modern shows.

LET'S have a song about Stan Baldwin,
Lloyd George is "copy" for you, too.
What about a smack at dear old Ramsay Mac
And a dig at his Coalition crew?
Panto songs should not be squeamish,
So start up the boos and cheers.
Yes be very personal
In your gags, and so recall
The fun of former years.

Sing us a lyric that will rouse us,
Work at the personal note,
Winston's still good biz with those comic hats of his,
Gandhi is waiting with his goat.
Football at Chelsea makes for laughter,
Epstein, too, could raise our smiles,
Whilst, of course, there's Bernard Shaw
And a hundred others more
From Sacks to Eustace Miles.

Don't be contented with mawkish lyrics
Churned out in the U.S.A.,
We do not give a dam for "dear old Alabam"
And don't want to be "down Texas way."
Sing of the people whom we all know,
Cockney stuff that's full of punch;
"Sing British," and you'll see
Your Pantomime will be
The best of all the bunch! B. W.

"The Nelson Touch" at the St. Martin's Theatre. his Grant shows how the harum-scarum brother of an actu honour to England by impersonating the latter. e u (Basil Cunard, Henry Cass and Malcolm Keen) discern (Francis Lister) has delive

ends with which he may not be in sympathy and to which he may, indeed, be strongly opposed, and to hold up the country to ransom. In this respect the action of the Government was not opposed to liberty, but in defence of it.

COMPARED with this, the strenuous opposition of the I.L.P. to a measure imposing a test on part-time workers and providing that women who do not intend to return to industry should not indefinitely draw benefit is a minor piece of humour.

WHY people who are about to get something for nothing should be so touchy about answering a few questions I have never been able to understand. I am willing to submit to any form of financial or domestic catechism at the hands of anybody who is likely to wield his cheque-book in my favour at the end of it.

HAVING thus got rid of a little political peace and good will, let us turn our attention to the railways and to Dora, particularly their aspect when in partnership. On Christmas Eve I set out on a long railway journey, buying a first-class ticket for reasons of comfort and not of snobbery, for the holiday crowds are—well, they crowd. Into the compartment in which I had reserved a seat burst nine holders of third-class tickets, with two dogs and a baby in arms. The ticket collector, bubbling with generosity over what did not belong to him, told the newcomers to remain where they

Jean Colin, who made a big personal success in the revival of "La Poupée" at Daly's Theatre, rehearsing with the children who appear in a special ballet. None of the youngsters is over twelve years old

were, with the remark, "The more the merrier at Christmas-time," and, retiring to his lair, did not ask for excess fares.

his political satire by Neil olitician brings peace with cture shows the sheikhs e ultimatum Richard Fayre, en

THUS was spent a six-hours' journey, for the train was two hours late. My request that I should be given back the difference between third- and first-class fare, since excess fare had not been demanded, and the compartment had therefore been transformed into a third-class one, did not meet with success. I do not advise money being wasted on first-class tickets when railway officials are in the mood to play Father Christmas.

MORE fun on the return journey. Services on Boxing Day being much reduced, I was forced to take an early and indecently slow train to London —one unprovided with a restaurant car. At eleven o'clock we stopped for half an hour at a large station, where, we were informed, there would be time for lunch. With a plate of cold ham I ordered a whisky and soda. "Sorry, too early." So I ordered a soda in which I started to pour whisky from a pocket flask. "Sorry, that's forbidden. We must remove the glass." Under anxious inspection I returned to the railway carriage with the ham and whisky and lunched there.

NOW my reason for cataloguing otherwise unimportant domestic adventures of this last type is that they are happening daily all over the country. There is no end to the petty pin-pricks inflicted on us. No attempt, so far as I can see, is made to remove them. Only in these columns are there regular protests against their iniquitous absurdity. Yet at the last General Election a wave of common sense swept over the country. No use has so far been made of it.

REASONABLE freedom for our own folk and the removal of that which prevents us being a resort for foreign visitors are not a side-issue. We have had enough of new parties, and the formation of a new one with this as its object would harm and not help the cause. But why the Conservative Party, which is always being given mighty chances and always making a mess of them, cannot adopt it, hold on to it like a limpet, and make a real song and dance about it, I cannot understand. Lady Astor cannot be as formidable as all that.

I HAVE rarely known a Christmas so marked by the deaths of prominent people, particularly in the

Waller Bird

Frederick Carpenter and Delsya, who are dancing in John Murray Anderson's production, "Bow Bells," at the Hippodrome. Although it was twice a case of "Curfew shall not ring to-night," "Bow Bells" are now pealing satisfactorily

artistic world. The passing of Lionel Powell and Mrs. Samuel Courtauld within a few days of one another is a sad blow to music. I knew them both—Lionel Powell very well indeed. He was a cheery, good-hearted little chap who was the soul of honour and a prince of hospitality. How he made money out of music, goodness only knows, for when he was the impresario for some great celebrity the celebrity took nearly all the "gate money," and when he presented less-known performers there was precious little money to take. However, he was a shrewd man, and doubtless knew his own business. He had a wonderful country house, which he rarely visited, and a knack of ordering wonderful meals, which he was not allowed to eat.

MRS. COURTAULD was equally generous, but of a different type. She was intensely social, and her entertaining in Portman Square was something to be remembered. As a director of concerts and of the opera she was inclined to be dictatorial; but, after all, she was paying the piper, and she had considerable knowledge and aptitude for the job. At heart she was a kind and sympathetic woman, and I shall miss that dignified grey hair and handsome face at musical functions.

LESS well known was Randal Charlton, possibly because he was a journalist, and journalists are mainly occupied in giving publicity to other people. But he was by way of being a Fleet Street celebrity before the War, though of late he rather dropped out of things. Charlton, whose real name was Lister, was a man who enhanced his immense height by means of a majestic fur coat and a pontifical manner. He was full of talent, and in his younger days wrote some good novels. But he never struck me as having made the most of that talent. He was an authority on criminal cases and the music-halls, and his chief idols were Marie Lloyd, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, and Lord Chaplin ("The Squire"). When they died he seemed, in some curious fashion, to take less interest in life. But Charlton was certainly a "character," and in these days, when so many men are cast in the same mould, that is something.

Hughes

BRENDA LEWIS

Who is playing The Queen in "The Windmill Man," the children's play at the Victoria Palace. She is well known to visitors and members of the New Burlington (Guckie's) Club, the cheerful rendezvous in Burlington Gardens, W.

Kay Vaughan

M. POUISHNOFF

Thousands who have heard this eminent pianist broadcasting will shortly have the opportunity of seeing him in person. He is to give a recital—chiefly from the works of Chopin—at the Palladium on Sunday, January 17

TO turn to more cheerful topics, I have been a round of the seasonable musical shows, and have enjoyed all of them. Miss Dorothy Dickson as Dick Whittington is a joy and a dream of delight. Without giving one the impression that she can do anything in particular, she is, in fact, extremely competent. One critic has described her as "leg-conscious." Well, she has something to be conscious of in the way of legs. . . .

THE Lyceum is well up to standard, with Mr. George Jackley better than ever, and in even louder voice (if such a thing is indeed vocally possible). Messrs. Naughton and Gold are a riotous pair of knock-abouts, and Miss Constance Carpenter, the principal girl, is a dainty dancer and vastly improved as an actress, whilst Miss Kitty Reidy, the principal boy again this year, is a distinct asset to the show.

THE Gaiety show, *Hold My Hand*, will be one of the most successful musical comedies on record. It makes no pretensions to being artistic, and the music is dreadfully reminiscent. But Mr. Stanley Lupino is a true grotesque, and Mr. Sonnie Hale puts in good work. Miss Jessie Matthews is both clever and conscientious, but she has been given so much of what the profession calls the "fat" that she rather wears her welcome. If her part were cut down by half it would be doubly effective.

BY FRANK FORD

YOUNG HOST: "Sorry about this regrettable incident, chaps, but my people still cling to the old traditions!"

"EMPIRE WINTER SPORTS"—IN SCOTLAND

SHES AND SKIS

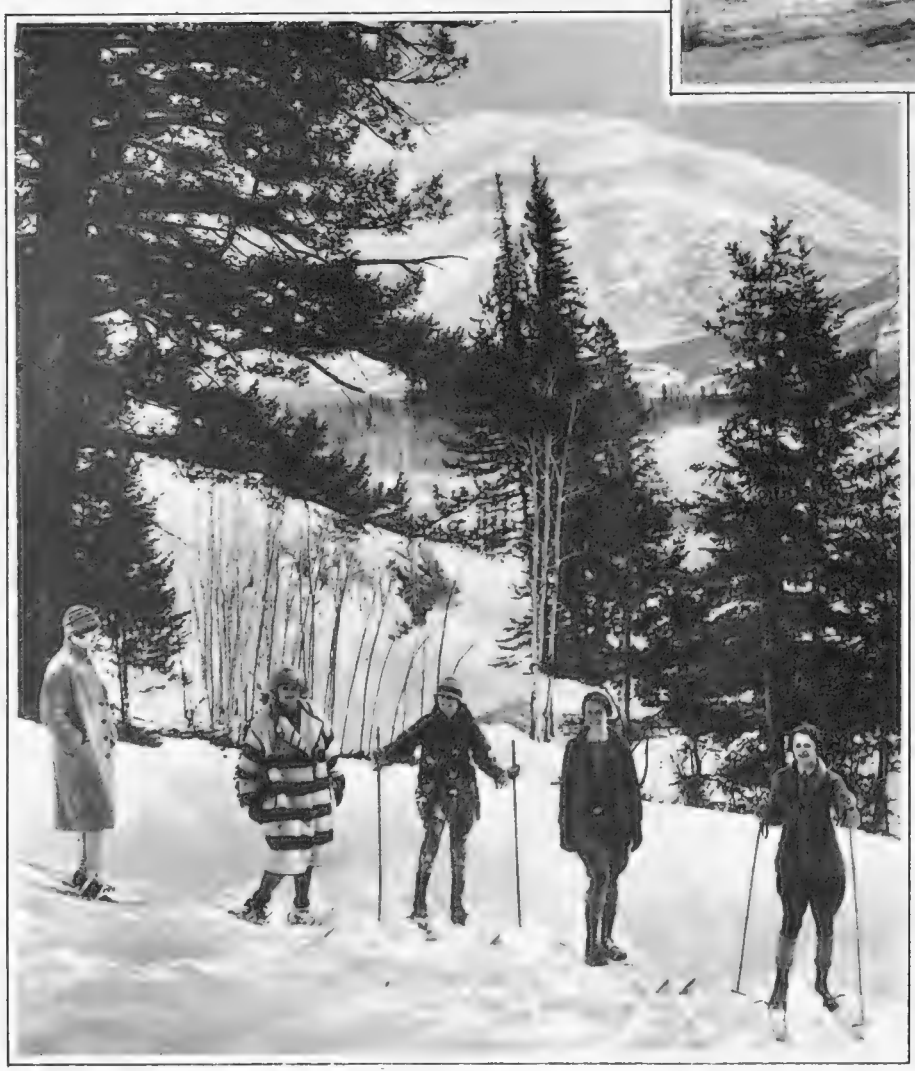
The recent Arctic weather was responsible for the first winter sports of the season in Scotland, and enthusiasts were not slow to take full advantage of the opportunities thus provided for them to show their prowess on skis. Above is seen a skier who has arrived by car at the Fife Arms Hotel, Braemar, setting off on skis right away for the slopes

On the right are seen the Misses Dodo and Shiela Annesley, setting out for a morning's ski-ing at Braemar, where Mr. Harold Mitchell, M.P., President of the Scottish Ski Club, is working hard to make it a British St. Moritz

"EMPIRE FIRST" FOR WINTER SPORTS—J

Two fair ski-ing enthusiasts stop to light a well-earned cigarette before starting a run down the snowy slopes at Ste. Marguerite

A view of the long toboggan run at Banff, o n In Cana of



A party of fair skiers out for a run on the hills above Banff, with Mount Rundle in the background. Many people who are determined to take an Empire winter-sports holiday are finding that Canada offers them a wide variety of excellent sport

Activity on the slopes of Battlefields Park, Montreal and Winnipeg are among the othe fav ian

NES 'MID SNOW AND ICE IN CANADA

o many other cities in Canada, makes a point of encouraging winter sports. of a winter-sports holiday is very slight

Winter-sports visitors to Banff with their dog team. They are seen admiring the beauties of the snow-covered country to be found in the lovely Bow River Valley

favourite rendezvous of winter-sports enthusiasts. an cities in which winter sports are held every year

Skaters on the rink at Château Frontenac, Quebec. Canada is now generally recognised as one of the finest winter-sports centres in the world, and this year the Oxford and Cambridge University Ski-ing teams have gone there

GAIETY AT CIRO'S CLUB

A party obviously going with a bang! Mr. Froy, Mr. Kenneth Froy, Mr. Ronald Froy and Miss Lowater get busy with the crackers and paper caps

Mrs. Mellor and Mr. Gardiner dancing in the shade of the old Christmas tree at Ciro's, where the festive season has been celebrated in right good spirit, and cares left at the portals of the well-known club in Orange Street

Messrs. Laurie and Gordon Grey, Sir Benjamin Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Arnold form a merry group

More merrymakers who had no difficulty in keeping cheery at Ciro's Club. Seen above are Princess Natalie Trubetzskey, Dr. Thurston Holland, Miss Anne Penn, the popular impersonator who is well known to music-hall and cabaret audiences, and Mr. Charles Normand

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Way to Catch a Man

by SEWELL STOKES

"ANOTHER bunch of women," groaned Marion Blaber, peering from behind a curtain into the shop. "What an awful lot of us there are in the world."

Marion Blaber was a charming girl of twenty-eight, who ought to have been married to a charming man. Nobody saw these two facts more clearly than Marion Blaber.

"If," she had told herself lately, "I don't find a man soon, I'll not answer for myself. I'll do something desperate. I'll swim the Channel. Or take to drink. Or write a novel."

As it was, Marion managed her own tea-shop: an "arty" affair called The Juniper Tree, which opened its oak doors on to the Chelsea Embankment. Why it was called The Juniper Tree nobody knew. It was the kind of place to which women, accompanied by other women, flock; and from which men—if they do rashly decide to drink tea in public—fly for miles.

What old Colonel Blaber, who was a snob, would have said, could he have seen his only daughter managing a tea-shop, is unthinkable. Not that there is any need to think of it, the Colonel having died four years ago. He had died leaving Marion just enough money on which to live in great discomfort. She had been forced to look around for something to do. Which explains the birth of The Juniper Tree. Her prices were low, and the standard of her food was high. Better home-made scones, jams, sweets, and cakes were not to be found in the shops of her rivals. Business was fairly prosperous. But the time had come, after four years of desperately hard work, when Marion felt the utter impossibility of ever again looking a scone, a pot of jam, a sweet, or a cake full in the face.

"I hope," she was obliged to say, handing her customers a plate of flaky, buttered scones, "that you'll like these." Often she thought, "I hope they choke you!"

Part of the trouble, of course, was that so few men ever came to sit beneath the mythical branches of The Juniper Tree. Hardly any, in fact. Women of every shape and size, battalions of them, came daily. But seldom a man. And if, by some odd chance, a man did arrive, it was because his female relations had dragged him there. Which meant that he was not the kind of man at whom Marion bothered to look a second time.

Frequently during the past three years Marion had decided that the tea-shop was a mistake. (During the first year she had expected each day that Romance would walk in through the oak door.) She ought, she told herself, to have opened a lunch-room in the City, as near the Stock Exchange as possible. There she might have sold juicy steaks to silk-hatted stockbrokers. She might have had a choice of men instead of pining for the sight of one.

Do not, please, imagine that Marion Blaber was a man-mad girl. She was not. One man, of the right kind, would have been enough. But she needed that one badly. Vaguely there was such a man in her life—David Ruggles. But the trouble with David Ruggles was that he was so vague.

By profession David was an architect. His prospects were said to be good, and his brilliant future was not too far distant. When Marion had met him at a friend's house some months back he had made it quite plain that he liked her. Four years ago Marion wouldn't have looked at him twice. But four years ago Marion had been a different girl. Then she would have considered nothing less than Ronald Colman. Now she was perfectly willing to consider David Ruggles, whose good qualities, though evident, were not to be compared with Mr. Colman's.

ONCE a week David took Marion out to dinner. Sometimes this was followed by a theatre or a dance. He danced well. On the way back to Chelsea in the taxi there was always a little furtive love-making, which ceased abruptly as they reached the door of The Juniper Tree. On every such occasion David told Marion that she was beautiful, and that he loved her. And on every such occasion Marion (already aware of these things) waited for him to add: "Marion, dearest, will you be my wife?" That was what she wanted him to ask her. And after each of his failures to put the question, she wondered if it would be next time. But, unfortunately for Marion, it never was.

Enough has been said of Marion's circumstances for it is to be realised that she was not particularly elated by the note which arrived one morning from her cousin Betty. This came from Little Slowcomb, Marion's home-town in Hampshire.

"Dear Marion," ran the note, in a neat hand, "I am coming to Town for a month, and hope to see something of you. It seems ages since you went away. It *is* ages. Nothing much has happened here. It never does. That's really why I'm coming to Town. I'm twenty now, and feel that it's about time I was married. Mother, I know, would like me to become the curate's wife. But I don't see myself settling down with Archie Wigglesworth. He's since your time: quite nice, but spotty and wears glasses. Perhaps the Great City will provide something better!

"Love as always,

"BETTY."

"Another surplus woman," thought Marion, putting down the letter. "What does she expect to do in a month, I'd like to know?"

Her first inclination was to write and tell Betty that one spotty curate in Slowcomb was worth any number of imaginary husbands in Town. Eligible men weren't hanging from the trees of the London parks waiting to fall into the arms of the first woman who came along. However, it would be nice to see cousin Betty again.

If Marion had expected to find her country cousin unsophisticated, gauche, and dowdy, she was disillusioned the moment Betty arrived. Not for nothing had Betty studied the fashion magazines, and at her age she had no need to use beauty preparations. Hers were those big blue eyes which men call "innocent," and women knew to be "all-seeing." She had that kind of hair which saves poets the trouble of looking for a simile. They simply put "ripe corn." Her figure, too, was all that fashion wished it to be.

Illustrated by
A. W. KNOTT

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

"Why, Betty," cried Marion, hugging the little cousin she had not seen in four years, "you've grown lovely. I am pleased to see you, dear."

"And how are you, Marion, darling? You're looking awfully well."

That evening, in the secluded corner of an Italian restaurant, the two cousins chattered ceaselessly. At least, Marion chattered, since Betty proved to be that rare phenomenon—a good listener. Old times were scarcely mentioned. The problems of the future occupied their thoughts almost entirely. And very soon Betty had heard the sad story of David Ruggles, who, while he appeared to love Marion, simply would not bring himself to the point of proposing to her.

"I can't tell what's holding him back," confessed Marion.

"Perhaps if I saw him I could," announced Betty, blandly. Betty *was* bland.

"But how, dear?"

"I might see a side of him you've not noticed. A stranger does sometimes. What's he like?"

"To look at? Oh, tall, dark, clean-shaven: really, he's quite a dear. I'd prefer him to have a small moustache, but one can't have everything."

"When you're married he'll probably grow one—if you ask him nicely!"

"*When* we're married." Marion became suddenly dejected. "I don't suppose we ever will be."

"Cheer up," said Betty. "I'm not crying, and I've got to catch a man within the month."

"Betty!" cried Marion, to whom such matter-of-factness, in connection with marriage, seemed a trifle shocking. Whatever are you talking about?"

"I mean it, Marion. I've got to find myself a husband during this one month I'm in Town. It's my only chance. That—or Archie Wigglesworth. And I've quite made up my mind that it shan't be Archie."

"Well, Betty, I don't want to appear depressing, but I can't see how you're going to do it."

"Nor can I, at the moment. But something will turn up, I expect. It usually does. Now about you, Marion . . . we must get you fixed up. Can I meet Mr. Ruggles?"

"Of course, dear. I'd like to hear what you think of him. He's taking me out to dinner to-morrow night . . ."

"Then bring him along to my hotel first for cocktails," said Betty.

"I will," agreed Marion.

Parting that night, the two cousins kissed very affectionately.

On the following evening, in the lounge of the hotel at which Betty was staying, the three of them—Marion, David, and Betty—sat sipping their cocktails. They made an agreeable trio: drinking, laughing, and talking as if nothing in the world mattered. Nobody would have guessed that Marion's smile hid the weariness she felt after an especially trying day with the customers of The Juniper Tree; or that Betty's blue eyes (which David Ruggles considered touching in their innocence) were really summing-up David Ruggles with the cautious intelligence of a prosecuting counsel.

"Now," said David, turning to Betty, "you must come along and dine with us. Mustn't she, Marion?"

"Yes, do come along," echoed Marion, strengthening the invitation with a quick and subtle glance in her cousin's direction.

"No, you must both dine with me," Betty insisted.

There followed a little more useless argument, after which Betty, declaring that it was too sweet of them to bother about a country cousin who really was rather bewildered with the immensity and magnificence of London, accepted the invitation.

During the evening David Ruggles proved himself, as always, a perfect host. For a young man (Betty put him down as thirty) he had a great deal of savoir faire, which he displayed naturally and without any attempt at showing off. He was, Betty decided, good-looking, level-headed, and very keen on his work. Undoubtedly, too, he was keen on Marion. This was obvious from the little attentions he constantly paid her. Altogether, Betty was favourably impressed by her cousin's friend.

"Later, under the influence of champagne, Marion became very explicit. But hers were not the explanations David had looked for. What she said surprised and horrified him"

The evening passed very pleasantly. After dinner they went to see a film at one of the mammoth picture houses and then, having dropped Betty at her hotel, David drove Marion back to Chelsea. During the drive David told her that she was beautiful and that he loved her. Marion waited for him to ask her to be his wife. He did not ask her, and, as usual, after a chaste kiss (too chaste for Marion's liking) they parted at the door of The Juniper Tree.

"And so life goes on . . ." thought Marion, as she fell asleep.

The two cousins had lunch together the next day.

"Well . . .?" Marion asked, directly they sat down.

"He's charming," said Betty. "Perfectly charming! What's more, he'd make any woman a good husband."

"He doesn't seem very anxious to do that."

"Give him time."

"He's had eight months."

"Also, he's very much in love with you."

"He's told me that at least once a week ever since I've known him. He told it me again last night. I liked hearing it the first few times. Now it's getting monotonous. Why doesn't he *do* something about it?"

After a full minute's reflection, during which she appeared to be solving the mystery of life itself, Betty said:

"Marion, he's too sure of you. That's the trouble. He won't propose to you until it suits him, because he's certain that when he does—even if it's in a year or two's time—you'll be waiting to welcome him. Men are like that. Conceited. Selfish. I wouldn't stand for it."

"But how can I help it?"

"I'll tell you . . ."

WHAT followed was a revelation to Marion. Listening to Betty's advice, she wondered where her cousin from the country had got hold of so many astonishing and seemingly shrewd ideas. In her day Little Slowcomb had been a dead-and-alive hole; discouraging to young people. But it had not discouraged Betty, whose self-assurance and initiative were positively amazing.

"Where *do* you get your ideas from?" Marion asked Betty, who had just finished outlining the method by which she considered it would be a simple matter to bring David Ruggles up to scratch.

"Instinct," replied Betty. "It's a gift some women have!"

Marion had to laugh. It all seemed so absurd, her little cousin arranging her life in this way Yet wild as the scheme sounded, she felt tempted to try it. It might come off. And anything was worth trying.

"These days," repeated the knowing Betty, her bright blue eyes fixed on Marion's tired ones, "men have to be *caught*. And we must catch Mr. Ruggles. It will be easy if you do exactly as I tell you . . ."

Betty had told Marion that she must change herself the next time she went out with Mr. Ruggles. She must appear before him as an entirely different person. That would wake him up, spur him into action. Until now he had been absolutely certain of her. Well, he must be made uncertain. All men, said Betty, needed to be made uncertain. Did them good.

"When he finds out how different you are from the patient, clinging woman he believes you to be," she concluded, "he'll probably be upset. He'll be angry. Men always are when things don't suit them. But don't let that worry you, Marion. If he quarrels with you in the evening he'll be round first thing in the morning to make it up. Yet let him have it!"

Despite the fact that she disliked being termed a "clinging woman," and that she had doubts about the success of Betty's rather theatrical scheme for waking David out of his prolonged doze, Marion decided to make the experiment. Something, she reasoned, must be done about David. Well, she would do it. . . . She did!

WHEN the evening on which she was to dine with David arrived, Marion saw to it that her appearance, as well as her tactics, underwent a change. With Betty's eager help she was transformed. Where had walked the wistful proprietress of The Juniper Tree now strode, majestically, a woman who would have been more at home on the Riviera, trailing a dozen admirers. Her flowing gown of scarlet crêpe de Chine (especially bought for the occasion) matched her lips. She wore a belt of mirror diamonds, and around her neck, hanging low, three rows of graduated pearls. The dark waves of her short hair contrasted admirably with the paleness of her creamy skin.

"Yes," she said approvingly, standing back from the mirror, "I'm not too bad. Though I'm not sure that David will approve. His tastes are so quiet; and I do look just a little like a stage vamp, don't I?"

"You look perfectly lovely," said Betty. "Any man would find you adorable."

"But, you see, David isn't like most men. He's different. That's what I'm afraid of. When he sees me like this it may upset him. He might cool off altogether. You don't know David."

"Oh, don't I!" Betty nodded her head sagely. "I know him well enough. I studied him carefully the other evening. Do as I've told you, Marion, dear, and Mr. David Ruggles will be caught. But mind you keep it up. *Convince* him that you're not the poor, patient creature he believes you to be. Make him think that there are many, many men who'd think nothing of dying for you! Now, Marion, you do get the idea, don't you?"

"I think I do," replied Marion uncertainly.

That evening was nothing less than a series of shocks for David Ruggles. He was a man whose ideas had become definitely fixed early in life. Distractions and uncertainties were unknown to him. He took things in his own time and would not be hurried by circumstances. His mind was a series of pigeon-holes into which it was his habit to pop people and things. Into one of these holes—labelled My-Wife-To-Be—he had some time ago popped Marion Blaber. There she waited—dear, sweet Marion, with whom he told himself that he was very much in love—waited until he saw fit to take her out and make her his wife.

At the first sight of Marion as she swept into the lounge of the restaurant in her flaming scarlet robes, and smiled at him with excessively brilliant lips, David felt that something was wrong. What has happened to her? The question agitated him continually throughout the meal, which was unlike any other meal he had ever had with her. She began by saying:

"Let's have champagne, shall we? I'm so tired of the red ink they usually give us here. . . ."

Champagne was ordered.

"You look very gay this evening," said David, who was thinking, "you look far too gay for my liking."

"I feel gay!" cried Marion, fingering her pearls, and speaking with joyous abandon.

"Any particular reason, dear?"

"Perhaps!" replied Marion, archly. "Who knows?"

"You do, I suppose."

"I'm not sure. . . . Life is so marvellous, so full of unexpected pleasures."

"I see," said David. But he did not see. What pleasure other than dining with him could Marion be referring to? Where *had* she got that new frock from? And those pearls? They weren't real, of course, but she'd never worn jewellery of any kind before. Undoubtedly there was something strange about Marion this evening. Very strange. Later, no doubt, she would become more explicit, less mysterious.

Later, under the influence of the champagne, Marion became very explicit. But hers were not the explanations David had looked for. What she said surprised and horrified him. He was completely taken aback. Shocked.

A LESS particular man than David might, in the circumstances, have been upset by Marion's confidences. For Marion, unused to champagne (she had drunk most of the bottle) was acting her part with the skill worthy of an accomplished actress. Betty, she felt, would have congratulated her on the performance; and it was obviously having an effect on David, who showed pained bewilderment all over his face.

"I'll teach him not to be so sure of me!" Marion thought, continuing her deceptions with alacrity.

David thought: "What in heaven's name has come over her? Or have I been blind until this evening? I thought that I was the only man friend she had. And now she's telling me she has dozens, and that it's just out of kindness to me that she comes to dinner each week. I thought she was a lonely, quiet girl. But it seems that she's not lonely, and she certainly isn't quiet. Unless I'm mistaken—which I'm not—she's had a little too much to drink. I wouldn't have believed it."

"Some day," Marion was saying, nonchalantly, a cigarette dragging at the corner of her mouth, "I suppose I'll marry. . . ."

"And who will you marry?" asked David.

"It's so difficult to know which offer to accept."

"It must be."

Never in his life before had David Ruggles felt as utterly devastated. He was deeply sorry for himself. The world—his world—had ceased to revolve in its accustomed manner. Marion had fallen right out of the pigeon-hole in which he had securely placed her, and as the evening progressed there seemed little enough hope of her ever being put back again. . . . At times he looked so unhappy that Marion felt more than sorry for him. "David," she wanted to say, "this is all nonsense, I'm just pretending. Really, I'm the Marion you know, and not this flaming creature with dozens of admirers. I'm simple, and patient, and tired, and terribly alone. If you asked me to marry you I'd accept with delight. And quickly. . . ." But remembering Betty's instructions, and deciding that all would come right in the end, she kept her real self hidden.

HAVING paid the bill (which came to considerably more than usual) David suggested, firmly, that they should return home. He had no wish to dance, and would drive Marion back to Chelsea. Marion at once agreed. She suspected that within the cosy shelter of the taxi, shut away from the rest of the inquisitive world, David, awakened at last, would insist upon her accepting him (and not one of a dozen other admirers) as her husband. She thrilled at the prospect. "At last!" she thought, settling herself comfortably in the taxi. "At last, David will come out of his shell."

David did nothing of the kind. He sat in silence, at the other side of the cab, refusing even to look in Marion's direction. He had had his eyes opened, and what they had seen left him depressed and speechless. "My heart is broken. . . ." he kept telling himself. . . . "My heart is broken. . . ." And he sincerely believed that it was broken. He wanted to cry like a child, so ill-used did he feel. He badly needed sympathy. And had he been able to think of anybody on whose pity and sympathetic understanding he might have relied, he would readily have gone to them. But at the moment he could think of nobody.

As they neared Chelsea, without David having so much as passed his usual remarks about her beauty, and his love for her, Marion grew alarmed. His silence *was* alarming. It had occurred to her during the journey that the scheme was not turning out as Betty had prophesied that it would. Supposing—dreadful thought!—that instead of catching David, she had lost him?

Their taxi stopped outside The Juniper Tree, and David handed Marion out on to the pavement. The moon was doing its best for them, turning the river into a mirror of silver light, touching every object with a new attractiveness. But the romance seemed to have run out of David Ruggles, who said "Good-night" to Marion with no more ardour in his tone than if he had been offering salutations to a passing police officer. And under his breath, as he left her, he muttered that which sounded suspiciously like, "What an escape! . . ."

All at once Marion relented. Weakened. She felt that it would be best to call David back, to run after his retreating figure and admit to him that she had played a silly, cheap trick on him. But, recalling Betty's words—"If he quarrels with you in the evening, he'll be round first thing in the morning to make it up"—Marion stifled her impulse.

David was not round first thing in the morning. He was not round all day, nor the next day, nor the next. He had, it appeared, no intention of coming round at all. In the

(*Continued on page 44*)

SOUTH AMERICA IN KENSINGTON GORE

Mlle. Lya del Velez, the well-known dancer, and her partner, Mr. Brookes, in the costumes they wore at the Chelsea Arts Ball. It took place on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall and proved that, financial depression notwithstanding, England can still make merry when the right opportunity presents itself

This three-quarter length coat of white ermine has a deep roll collar and sleeves of moderate width. From Revillon

Shaw Williams

MADGE GARLAND writes a FORECAST *of* FASHION

ONE safe prophecy is that the three-quarter length coat will be much worn, and if most of them look as attractive as the ermine coat shown in the photograph above there would be every reason for such a preference. Here it is made of white ermine and is worn by Miss Mary Hamilton, who is playing in the new Paramount production, "Spring Cleaning," now being directed by Alexander Korda at Elstree. White ermine and white satin is a combination which is hard to equal, and perhaps

its only rival is black and white, and that Miss Hamilton wears this with equal success is proved by the picture of her shown below where she is seen wearing a striking gown from Norman Hartnell. This is composed partly of white and partly of black satin and has a one-sided cape of black satin with a white yoke weighted by a band of black fox. The skirt is slightly flared and is very long and the bodice is softly draped in front. A more decorative costume would be hard to find and is one which does much to hearten those who would encourage English dress designers.

FOR our climate a long evening wrap is often desirable, but they have presented one of the greatest dress problems of the year, because they are so lamentably apt to resemble dressing gowns. The use of lamé and brocade or of very sumptuous velvet is essential if they are not to recall the bedroom, and many of the new models achieve distinction by enormous puffed sleeves of Edwardian splendour. A very successful example is shown on this page where a long wrap is cut on simple lines, but is carried out in a magnificent brown and gold lamé trimmed with bands of sable.

Shaw Wildman

A long and very graceful evening wrap is made of brown and gold lamé, bordered with a wide band of dark brown fur. It has a slight train and gives an unusually slender silhouette. From Idare

One of Norman Hartnell's most effective gowns is this model of black and white satin. It is accompanied by a one-sided cape with a white yoke trimmed with black fox, and is worn to perfection by Miss Mary Hamilton

Specially photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Shaw Wildman*

LADY BRIDGET POULETT WEARS A SHORT ERMINE CAPE

White and brown-dyed ermine make this enchanting wrap from Revillon

THE very short coats have now a serious rival in the coachman's cape such as that worn by Lady Bridget Poulett in the photograph on this page. These are usually of flat fur ; Lady Bridget's is of ermine dyed brown, with a collar and revers of snow-white ermine. Breitschwanz is also seen, accompanied by black or coloured cloth coats. A few people have re-discovered the charm of sealskin, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour has disinterred an adorable wrap of her mother's with great success. Several coats have been seen with detachable fur capes, some shaped into a point which reaches the waist in front and is kept in place with two bands of the material tied at the back or with a loop through which a belt is passed. A cape collar and small barrel muff of beige fox looked most attractive with a long, close-fitting black velvet coat, and an unusual coat of dark brown tweed had a coachman's collar of unplucked otter. Several smart black coats have been seen with capes of cloth bordered with Persian lamb, and a three-quarter length evening coat of white satin had a decorative cape collar composed of alternating bands of brown and white ermine

Sports clothes favour colour contrasts, but skirts are often divided

ALREADY rumours of the new year's fashions—many wholly unfounded it is true—are abroad, and in a few weeks we, the initiated, will be bidden to private views of the spring fashions specially arranged for those august bodies, "the Trade" and "the Press."

I SOMETIMES think that it is the law of compensation which is responsible for the swing of the fashion pendulum: this year short coats, next year long; this year brimmed hats, next year toques, and so on. But sometimes an unexpected fidelity surprises us, at others the whims of the mode, last week's rather than month's, and latterly our hats, after nearly two seasons of obscurity, have appeared, dazzled, adorned us and disappeared with the rapidity of a film. What CAN have become of all those bowler hats? This is a problem which probably will never be solved, but the secret of what shall we wear on our heads this spring will be revealed in our next issue when we will publish some photographs of new hats for spring wear.

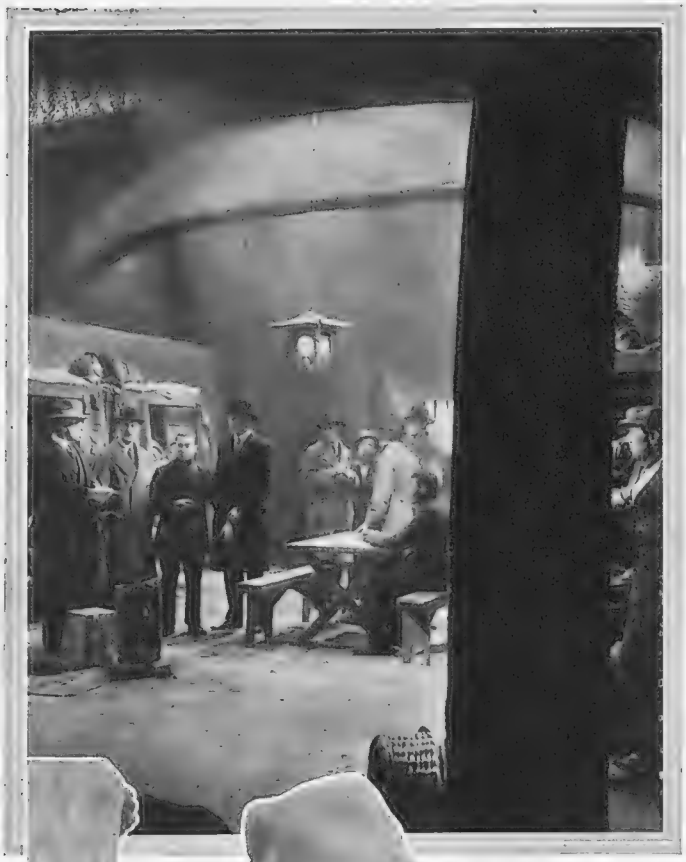
Below: Miss Kathryn Hamill wears with distinction this sports costume from Leathercraft. It is made of soft brown suède, and has an extremely well-cut divided skirt. The jacket has a fitted basque and is double-breasted. With it is worn a check cap and scarf from Fortnum and Mason

THE increased interest in colour contrast which was so noticeable in last winter's collections, but which has not yet, alas! been made visible and manifest in our streets, has greatly influenced our sports clothes. One very unusual but most successful colour scheme was composed of a dress of leaf-green jersey with a twisted scarf of chartreuse green, rose and brown (this was worn with a brown ponyskin coat); a deep purple costume looked smart with a coral-red sweater, and so did a rust-brown leather suit with an absinthe-green pull-over. Another novel colour combination for more formal wear consisted of a red-brown satin dress and a coral-colour cloth coat bordered with sable-dyed squirrel. Dark brown is excellent when accompanied by brilliant sapphire blue, dark and bright red are very smart together, and so are all the nasturtium tones of red, yellow and brown.

THE new woollens will permit of a wide range of either harmonising or contrasting colours, and Scotland this year has produced the most astonishing range of novelties which has ever emerged from that erstwhile conservative country. The matching fabrics, thick for coat and thin for dress, include materials which, though of pure wool, are as thin and almost as transparent as chiffon. Certainly they have no more body, though far more warmth, than crêpe-de-Chine and are to be found in numberless weaves too subtle to be easily described. These will certainly permit us to indulge in whatever fantasies of cut are insisted upon by our dressmakers, puff sleeves, multitudinous flares and diagonal fastenings being amongst the most certain of the many starters in the race for favour.

Shaw Wildman

"THE MISSING REMBRANDT." A British Film Triumph



Scotland Yard detectives raid an East End dope den in an exciting scene from the new British Sherlock Holmes film, "The Missing Rembrandt"

Miles Mander as Claude Holford, a broken-down artist, is cross-questioned by Guntermann (Francis Sullivan). The latter is head of a gang of crooks, who are using him as a cat's-paw in the robbery of a famous Rembrandt

Arthur Wontner, as the immortal Sherlock Holmes, puts in a little heavy sleuthing, complete with black-gloved hands and black-masked face, in "The Missing Rembrandt." This British film was directed by Leslie Hiscott and is one of the most exciting as well as one of the best produced of the many films which centre round Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes (Arthur Wontner) and Dr. Watson (Ian Fleming) are consulted by Lady Violet Lumsden (Jane Welsh). Another scene from "The Missing Rembrandt," a Julius Hagen production, recently completed at the Twickenham Studios

New BRITISH, AMERICAN, and GERMAN Productions

H. B. Warner and Frances Storr as they appear in "Five Star Final." This First National production is the screen version of the stage play of American newspaper life "Late Night Final"

Lester Matthews, Diana Beaumont and Maisie Gay in a scene from "The Old Man." This film version of an Edgar Wallace thriller was made at Beaconsfield by the British Lion Films

Anthony Bushell, the young English actor, and Marion Marsh as the young lovers in "Five Star Final." This dramatic story of the havoc wrought by an American "tabloid" newspaper in a quiet home opened a season at the Carlton Theatre on Boxing Day

A scene from the new Ufa production, "Her Highness Commands," a musical-comedy romance which had its English première at the Rialto recently. Seen above is the famous English star, Lilian Harvey, as a princess who attends a servants' ball and falls in love with Lieut. de Berck (Henry Garat), seen with her, who impersonates a valet for the occasion

GOLF GOSSIP

FROM TEE TO GREEN By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

SAN REMO'S ATTRACTION

A general view of the new golf championship course at San Remo on the Italian Riviera, showing players putting on the fourteenth green with a picturesque background of olive trees and mountain scenery

THERE must be few if there are any golfers who can remember such mild holidays. On Boxing Day I played with Gerald Moxon, the ex-Army champion, at the New Zealand Club course, near Woking, and it might easily have been a day in late spring, or even summer; except that I wore a waistcoat my clothing was the same as I played in during the so-called hot weather, which was conspicuous by its absence last year.

THE New Zealand Club is so protected by the pine trees that it is never cold, and on my visit one might have imagined oneself in the South of France. Moxon was in great form, and recovered in fine style from the two or three bad or rather indifferent shots he made. He was on the sick list at the time of the Army Championship last year, and was really quite unfit to play, but I think he will be well in the running for this year's event.

MANY people who usually go to Switzerland at this time of year, have stayed at home owing to the unfavourable rate of exchange or from patriotic motives. A great number of these must be golfers, and I should have imagined that golf clubs and hotels near golf clubs would have made special arrangements to cater for them. Possibly they have, but, if so, they have not taken the proper steps to let the golfing public know their plans. I have only received particulars from one or two hotels; in each case quite an attractive programme had been mapped out, including golf competitions nearly every day, with gala nights, with a London dance band and cabaret artistes.

Another view of the San Remo golf course, with players enjoying a round in summer-like weather. The fine club house can be seen in the background

ONE of these hotels is about one hundred miles from London, and the other twice as far. I feel quite certain that golfing papers and writers would be glad to give prominence in their columns to details of holiday arrangements, and I am sure that there are very few secretaries of golf clubs who would refuse to display an attractive notice on their club notice board. It seems to me that if we are to keep people in this country we must organise to make it as cheerful and gay as possible. I am told that the result in one of the resorts I refer to was that not only were there numbers of British, but many French visitors, and the holiday was a great success.

SOME of the important golfing fixtures for 1932 are as follows: March 18-20, Halford-Hewitt Cup at Royal Cinque-Ports Club. March 22 and 23, Oxford *v.* Cambridge at Royal Lytham and St. Annes. April 5-8, "Eve" Northern Foursomes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes. April 19 and 20, L.G.U. International Meeting at Ranelagh. April 25, English Native Championship at Sandwich. May 9-13, 1,500 guineas Dunlop - Southport Tournament at Southport. May 23, British Amateur Championship at Muirfield. May 30-June 2, Ladies' Open Championship at Saunton. June 6, British Open Championship at Prince's.

MRS. FISHWICK, mother of Diana, competed in the holiday competition at North Foreland. Playing in the Junior Division, she was defeated by F. H. Jarvis, of Harpenden, at the 20th.

IN the Senior Division second round P. H. Topping beat his father, W. R. Topping, 1 up; evidently he was not "topping" his shots!

In the semi-finals for the Senior Division W. M. Darvill (N. Foreland) beat R. V. McVitie (N. Foreland) 3 and 2; E. C. Thurston (N. Foreland) beat P. H. Topping (N. Foreland) at the 19th.

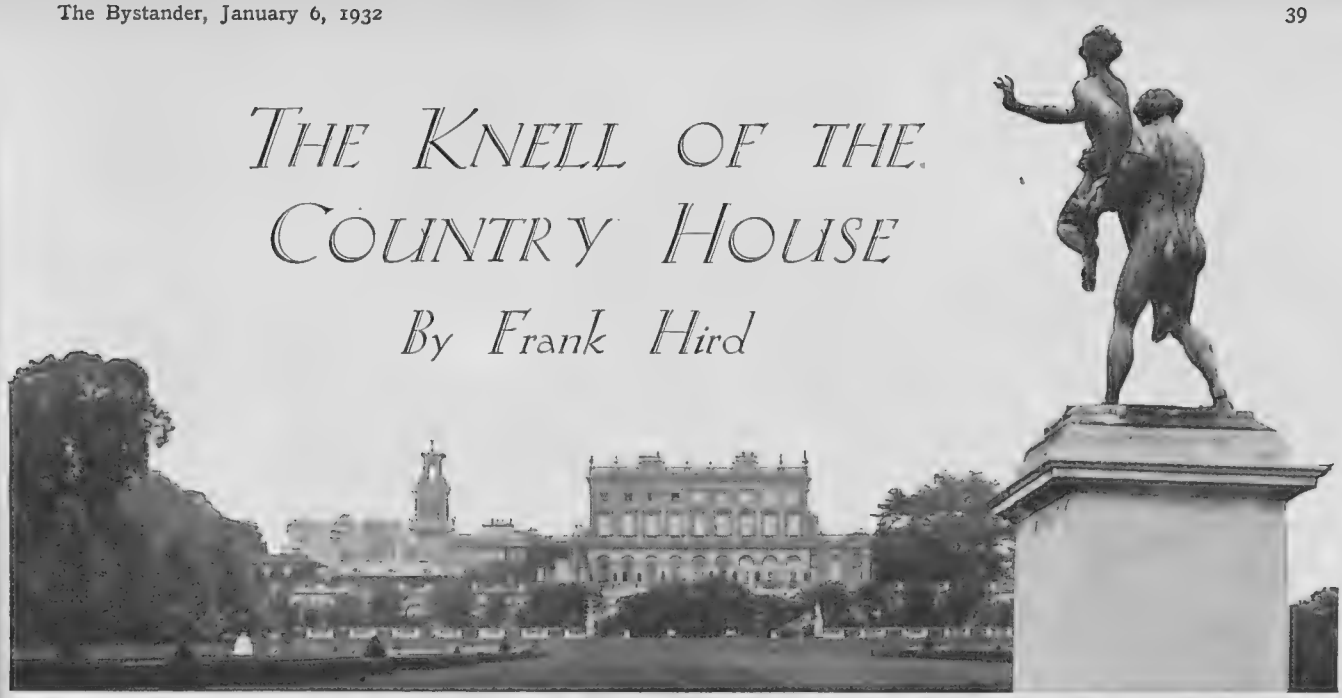
In the final Thurston beat Darvill 2 and 1. The final of the Junior Division was won by a visitor, E. Wickham (East Herts) who defeated R. Herniman (Priory) by 3 and 2.

THERE were forty competitors for the Committee Challenge Cup at the Royal Cinque-Ports Club's Christmas Open Meeting at Deal. P. H. Slater, a visitor from Bramshot, was defeated by Victor Smith of the home club in the final. L. C. Munn, the Irish ex-champion, shared the lead in the qualifying round with Slater, both finishing 1 up.

THE Dunlop professional golf tournament, which I mention in the fixtures for 1932, is the richest competition of the year; the prize fund amounts to £1,575. The 1932 event will be held at Hesketh, which is one of the oldest of the Southport clubs. It has previously been held at Birkdale and Ainsdale courses.

The Knell of the Country House

By Frank Hird



Cliveden, Lord Astor's lovely country house beside the Thames. The crushing burden of taxation has obliged him to close it

THE announcement that the Duke of Montrose is going to sell Buchanan Castle, at Drymen, in Stirlingshire, and the offering for sale of Clouds, near Salisbury, by Captain Richard Wyndham, mark yet another step in the severence of ancestral ties between landowners and the countryside which is going on all over the Kingdom. The process is simple, but crushingly complete.

FIRST come the death duties, which necessitate the selling of land or the depletion of capital; perhaps both. Then comes the increase in income tax, together with the increase in local taxation, with the result that many owners of country houses—more especially those of the larger order—find themselves literally without the means for their upkeep.

Many make heroic efforts to keep old family properties by selling yet more land, closing or partly closing their houses; cutting down all personal expenses and the gardens. But over and over again they have been faced, and still are being faced, by the alternatives of selling, closing altogether, or demolishing, until the long list of such changes has become an economic factor in English country life.

ONLY a short time ago the Duke of Montrose, speaking of the high taxation, said to his tenants: "It is ten times more difficult for a man like me to live under the present conditions than it is for the average man"—a fact which ignorant statesmen and amateur politicians entirely overlook. Their argument is that the more a man possesses, the more he should pay to the State—a fair argument.

BUT there is radical unsoundness in applying that argument in such a way that the man is not only mulcted of the larger part of his income by various forms of taxation, but eventually is taxed out of existence altogether. And the richer a man is, the speedier the extinction. Under our present laws, a fortune created entirely by brains, years of hard work, and enterprise can easily be swallowed up piecemeal in three generations.

ENGLAND has stood alone amongst the nations in merging the best elements of the country—practically in every branch of life—into her aristocracy. In so doing she has built a bulwark against revolution because the aristocracy and the big middle class are continually merging into one another. They say in America that every boy born in a log cabin is a potential President. In England we can say that every errand boy is a potential earl or baronet.

AND we can go farther and say that some of the grandchildren of the ennobled errand boy will probably merge again into the middle class. Some of the biggest landed estates in the country were acquired by the brains and labour of their original possessors. To-day their descendants are being penalised because the founder of their family made a fortune.

Winter sports in progress in front of Taymouth Castle at Aberfeldy. Formerly the property of the Earl of Breadalbane, it is now an hotel

Chillingham Castle, Chatton, Northumberland, which the Earl of Tankerville has closed. It was here that he bred his famous white cattle, now so scarce, which were the descendants of the Caledonian wild "Bulls of Bashan"

A meet of the Whaddon Chase at Halton Ho... so lavishly. It is now ...

SINCE the greater the riches the heavier the mulctings, Mentmore, which the late Earl of Rosebery inherited from his wife, Hannah Rothschild, is, I believe, the only one of the big Rothschild country houses now in possession of the family. Aston Clinton, once the property of Lord de Rothschild, is a country club. Halton, where the late Alfred de Rothschild entertained so lavishly, is now an Air Force Headquarters, and Gunnersbury Park, where Leopold de Rothschild grew exotic flowers within an easy drive of Hyde Park Corner, is a public park. Chiswick House, not far away, once Devonshire property, now serves the same public purpose. York House, Twickenham, belonging to the late Duc d'Orleans, and where Queen Mary II and Queen Anne were born, is now the Twickenham Town Hall.

SUSSEX has been especially unfortunate in the disappearance of former famous houses as residences. Normanhurst, built by the first Earl Brassey out of his fortune made by building railways, is a school. So also are Wykehurst Park, the property of the great art collector, Huth; Gravenhurst Park, the home of the late Colonel and Lady Beatrice Rawson, Broadwater Park, and the historic Battle Abbey, near Hastings. A tragedy attaches to Battle. Many years ago the property was sold. The man who would have succeeded went abroad and worked until he made enough money to buy it back. And now it is a school!

IN the North, Grey Towers, the late Sir A. Dorman's house in Cleveland, has recently been turned into a sanatorium; Acklam Hall, near Middlesbrough, is a council secondary school; and Marton Hall, also near Middlesbrough, is a museum and café. Agecroft Hall, in Lancashire, has been removed bodily to America; so has Warwick Priory. In Scotland, Taymouth Castle, at Aberfeldy, belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane, is an hotel; and in Aberdeenshire, the Earl of Erroll's Slane Castle; Pitfour, belonging to Ferguson of Pitfour; and Castle Newe are all standing roofless. This may be a Scottish rule for evading taxation. In England empty houses are not liable to taxation.

Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow. The Duke of Montrose, whose seat it is, has been obliged to put it up for sale

THE owners of houses which have been turned into schools, clubs, or institutions are more fortunate than those who, neither able to sell nor to keep their property standing empty, have been forced to hand them over to the house-breakers. There is a gloomy list of demolished houses all over the country. Taking them haphazard, there is Haggerston Castle, in Northumberland, once Naylor-Leyland pro-

A game of golf in progr... Country Club. The plac...

Hoover, where the late Alfred de Rothschild entertained ... officers' quarters

Belmont Castle, near Meigle, in Perthshire, which is now a Home of Rest of the Church of Scotland. It was the residence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is buried close by

Normanhurst, the fine house built by the first Earl Brassey at Catsfield, near Battle, in Sussex. It is now a school

... of the Aston Clinton ... perty of Lord de Rothschild

perty; Sprotborough Hall, near Doncaster; Glossop Hall, in Derbyshire, which Lord Howard de Glossop inherited from his father; Drayton Manor, the home of the famous Sir Robert Peel; Rolleston Hall, in Staffordshire, once an Oswald Mosley house; Nuttall Temple, in Nottinghamshire; Maresfield Park, in Sussex; Dangstein, in Hants; Cheveley, near Newmarket; and Wingerworth, in Denbighshire. Westbury Manor, in Buckinghamshire, will be demolished if it is not sold soon.

FROM the economical point of view alone, each one of these demolished houses—to which many can be added—represents a certain loss to local rates, to local tradespeople, and to local labour, not to speak of the help such houses always gave to local and country charities, and the support of village sports and clubs. If this full loss could be ascertained and multiplied by the number of demolished houses, I venture to think that the amount of money would be more than the State has taken in taxation, with this difference: The State has spent all that it has taken from the owners, thus taking out of circulation the money the owners formerly spent on upkeep, taxes, labour, etc.

SOCIALLY, the demolishing or closing of country houses has had a disastrous effect in some districts. The leading family has gone, and with them the old spirit in village life has departed also. Those who are still able to remain on are sadly hampered in carrying out what every conscientious landowner believes to be his responsibilities to his people and his tenants. The feelings of the owner of a large house and estate when he sat down to dinner this last Christmas—one of the most excellent and painstaking of landlords—were not to be envied. He had been obliged to dismiss eighty house and estate employees. The house is shut up, save for a few rooms for the family. In one district thirty gardeners, "put down" from big houses in the neighbourhood, applied in one week for a single-handed place. This tale of unemployment goes through all the ranks of those who worked on country estates. Many gardens have to be allowed to go to ruin. And here, again, is a stone thrown into a pool—seedsmen, nurserymen, coal merchants and their employees all suffering.

AND how many of the smaller country houses all over the country have been turned into private hotels, boarding-houses, even wayside restaurants and tea-rooms?

FRANK HIRD.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

YACHTING, KING CHARLES and SCARAMOUCHE

By "Junius"

R. DRYSDALE SMITH

The author of the entertaining book "Week-Ends Afloat." It is reviewed on this page

MOST of us, I think, have the pleasing vision of yachting which Mr. Drysdale Smith describes in opening his book, *Week-Ends Afloat* (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d.), "Peaked cap, reefer jacket, white ducks, buckskin shoes, snow-white decks, sun-tipped waves." If the vision has its reality—which it frequently has—yachting, especially in a twenty-five-ton pilot cutter manned by its owner and a crew of two or three friends, has its times of strenuous labour, a close acquaintance with mud, oil, and tar, and all the excitement of life before the mast. But your amateur yachtsman is a lost soul unless he possesses a sense of humour and cannot see a jest in oiling shrouds and stays, and carrying "vast coils of rope, spars, anchor, kedges, warps, petrol tins, oil drums, breakers, oars, and tools of every description" from the shore, along a plank, "swung vicariously twelve feet in the air above a vast sea of mud of loathsome viscosity."

MR. DRYSDALE SMITH has this saving sense of humour, and mere land-lubbers, as well as yachting folk, will delight in his book. The week-end voyages of the Iliad give him the opportunity of graphic descriptions of sailing on the Essex Coast, along the South Coast, to the Channel Islands, and in the Estuary of the Thames. The most important voyage of the Iliad was across the North Sea to the Kiel Canal, and thence into the Baltic, a voyage upon which Mr. Drysdale Smith's account will doubtless inspire other yachtsmen to venture.

THEN there came a pleasant fortnight at Erith, where the Iliad was moored during the week, her owner and crew going up and down to their labours in London every day, and at week-ends sailing up and down the Thames from the Tower Bridge to Southend, incidentally making acquaintance with bargemen and other interesting seafaring folk.

TROUBLE UP ALOFT

One of the author's amusing illustrations to "Week-Ends Afloat." It is published by Alston Rivers, Ltd., at 7s. 6d.

THE laying up of the Iliad at the end of the season entailed labours as strenuous as her fitting out at the beginning; but from the reader's point of view, and certainly from that of the writer and his friends, it was all very much worth while. A breezy, jolly book, with the tang of the sea; a real love of the sea; and thumb-nail sketches of pleasant people who go down to the sea in ships o' week-ends.

IN *The Time Machine* Mr. H. G. Wells precipitated his hero into the future. Mr. A. C. Wratislaw, in *King Charles and Mr. Perkins* (Blackwood: 7s. 6d.), reverses the process and projects his hero, Robert Perkins, back into the reign of Charles II, shortly after the Great Fire in 1666. The journey backwards through two and a half centuries is effected by an invention of the hero's father. It is the happiest turn of fantasy imaginable. But, before trying the invention himself, Perkins tries it upon his aunt's dog, which, after disappearing for some time, returns, bearing a silver collar with the words: "Ye Kinge his dogge," engraved upon it.

PERKINS, knowing that one pound notes will be useless in Carolean London, provides himself with £4,000 worth of diamonds; he likewise takes a family heirloom, an Oliver Cromwell pendant, and his Aunt Jane's diamond wrist watch, when he sits on the chair which is to hurl him through time. Scarcely has he arrived in a grubby and insalubrious London than he gains a valuable friend in the Earl of Rochester, by going to the succour of that gay young nobleman when set upon by hired ruffians. Perkins has likewise brought the dog, which on its former visit had become a favourite of King Charles, who has been inconsolable for its supposed loss. The dog gains Perkins the king's high favour, and ultimately the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber.

UNDER this guise Mr. Wratislaw has drawn a picture of Charles II and his Court which shows him to be profoundly versed in the period. There are vivid pen-portraits of Charles himself; Catherine of Braganza; Lady Castlemaine; Frances Stuart; the Duke of Buckingham; the Duke of Albemarle and other outstanding figures of the time; all so natural and real that you feel you are seeing and hearing these people through Mr. Perkins's eyes and ears, and not through the dull facts of history. Running all through the exact knowledge is a vein of wit which, to my mind, stamps the book as one of the most human and attractive historical novels I have ever read—a new note in historical fiction. Even at the end, when inevitable tragedy hangs over Robert Perkins's head in the shape of the rope hanging from the gallows at Tyburn, Mr. Wratislaw's wit saves the situation. Mr. Perkins has

(*Continued on page* 44)

FLYING NOTES

MORE PEOPLE NOW TRAVELLING BY AIR

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Blind flying or "head in the bag" is not so sinister as one might suppose. It means flying by instruments alone, and is practised in a machine where the pupil's cockpit is darkened by a hood, as illustrated in an R.A.F. machine, so that no peeps at the ground are possible. Lady Bailey has qualified in "blind" flying and is at present training at Croydon to fly at night so that she can obtain a commercial licence

British Air Lines Popular

OWING to a great reduction in passenger traffic many of the principal steamship lines and railways have curtailed their services. We hear of world-famous liners moored out with a care and maintenance party on board; luxury trains reduced to half their usual length; Mediterranean cruises and world tours which have been cancelled owing to lack of support. Whilst this is nearly all due to trade depression and to unfavourable exchange rates, there is another factor to take into account, and that is the growing popularity of air services. It is true, of course, that the number of passengers who fly to Paris is still quite small compared with the volume by boat and train, yet the fact that Imperial Airways report an increase of one hundred per cent. on their figures for the same month of last year is significant. There is no doubt that modern air liners like the Handley Pages employed on the Continental and Eastern Services have been a revelation to many who had avoided air transport in the past owing to lack of real comfort in exchange for the high prices which were charged. The air fare to Paris is now so low that it pays to fly, besides which one can avoid draughty stations and quays, and, more important still, those irritating delays at the Customs barrier that are bound to grow longer with the complication of tariffs.

Winter Flying

THE short winter days often provide good flying weather for novices, and the amount of instruction carried out at the clubs and schools does not drop so much as one might suppose. For anyone who has time to spare on week-days, training at the centres near London can be very pleasant. At Croydon, Hanworth Park, Stag Lane, Heston, and Hatfield there are club-houses or hotels on the premises, and it is not necessary to lurk behind hangar doors to escape the draught or crouch over coke fires on the tarmac whilst waiting one's turn to fly or for the weather to clear. Lady Bailey, who was one of the first women pilots to undertake long-distance flying, which included a remarkable solo tour to South Africa and back three years ago, has secured her certificate for blind flying. She took the "Air Service Training" course at Hamble, where the international school is established, with Flight-Lt. Jenkins as chief instructor.

Lady Chaytor, wife of Sir Edmund Chaytor, of Witton Castle Durham, adjusting an engine at Brooklands, where she is learning to fly. The Brooklands School has every facility for instruction on machine and engine maintenance, which every owner should study in its simplest form unless he can afford to employ a pilot-mechanic

"Head in the Bag"

IT is a very odd thing that some people find navigation by instruments so difficult. There was a cloud-flying school at Stonehenge towards the end of the War, where many otherwise good pilots were turned down after a course of "head in the bag" because they could not reconcile the evidence of the instruments on the dashboard with their sense of what the machine was doing. The tendency towards building enclosed cabins for the pilot in all types means that instrument flying becomes more and more important as a part of normal training. In an open cockpit it is possible to "feel" the behaviour of the machine, even in clouds or fog, but, once an abnormal movement has started, it is not easy to apply a corrective unless the instruments have been kept in view.

NIGHT flying is becoming more general now that aerodromes are being equipped with floodlights, and, in order to keep a good course after dark and irrespective of weather, it is essential to watch the dials. Croydon, as the London terminal airport and the principal air traffic junction in the country, is best equipped for night flying, with Lympne, near Folkestone, running it a close second. Night-flying practice at Croydon can be arranged with "British Air Transport" on one of their school machines, or, alternatively, the company can fit a private machine with navigation lights, which is often more satisfactory for the owner who wants to be trained in the one he will eventually fly himself.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 42)

forgotten the difference of ten days between the Old Style and the New, and consequently is restored to the twentieth century, but minus Aunt Jane's diamond wrist watch, which he gave as a bribe to Lady Castlemaine! Nobody could desire a more diverting or a more original book. But you would like to know what happened to the watch and the Oliver Cromwell pendant.

SOME little time ago a correspondence between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry was published. The result was a quarrel on paper between Mr. Shaw and Ellen Terry's son, Mr. Gordon Craig. Out of that quarrel has sprung *Ellen Terry and her Secret Self* (Sampson Low: 15*s*.). Mr. Craig says in his preface that he would not have written the book if the Shaw correspondence had not been published. He says, "So the thing I would have buried with that little Nelly who was my mother—her secret self—I have to bring out . . . this sketch of her—of a very small person, not a famous person—the little mother—who fought quietly and magnificently for fifty years and more to defend an old dream, and who won, though she had hundreds of people pitted against her, and, among them, that redoubtable adversary, her other self . . . Ellen Terry—the very famous person."

THIS quotation gives you the essence of Mr. Craig's book—the difference between the Ellen Terry known to the world, and the Nelly who "was someone unknown to all but her father and mother, sisters and brothers, my father and myself." Despite Mr. Craig's difficult style, a most lovable and delightful woman emerges from his pages, a woman hitherto unknown to those who thought that they knew Ellen Terry. But one is left with this reflection. Do these sorts of books make any difference to reputations which belong to history?

IT is difficult to work up any enthusiasm for Vanessa England, the heroine of *Butterflies have Wings* (Hutchinson: 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Hildegarde Huntsman. She is pretty, so gay,

Wykeham Studios

MR. A. C. WRATISLAW

The author of the unusual type of historical novel, "King Charles and Mr. Perkins." It is published by Blackwood at 7s. 6d

natural, and bright that her family call her Butterfly. But when it comes to trying her wings Vanessa certainly doesn't play cricket. Perhaps this was the outcome of the life to which her parents' surroundings and circumstances condemned her. Her father was a prospering jam manufacturer who, early in the story, removes from a suburban villa to the glories of a detached house in one of those "developed" estates which are springing up all round London. His two daughters have no occupation outside the house, except amusement. Vanessa is badly jilted by an undesirable young man, and is taken by an aunt to Genoa to recover. There she experiences another love-episode, and, returning abruptly to England, allows herself to become engaged to a highly estimable young man. He is waiting at the altar. Vanessa is ready to leave for the church in her bridal attire when she suddenly tears it all off, and, putting on "an old pleated skirt and a jumper," rushes out of the house to the man she really loves at Chelsea. All one's sympathies are with the unfortunate young man at the altar. Apart from the self-engrossed, selfish, and most slappable heroine, the book is a well-drawn picture of a middle-class family, with its many virtues, snobberies, and limitations.

THE lovers of Mr. Rafael Sabatini's *Scaramouche* will delight in his further adventures in *Scaramouche the Kingmaker* (Hutchinson: 7*s*. 6*d*.). André-Louis Moreau—*Scaramouche*, the author, player, and organiser of the Binet Troupe—casts off his motley when the French Revolution breaks out, and becomes a representative of the people and a member of the National Assembly. To save his lady-love, her father, and his own mother, Moreau sacrifices his future in order to cover their escape from France with his own passport, and then becomes deeply involved in the intrigues and plots for the return of the Royalists. An exciting, thrilling story with the wealth and accuracy of detail, the glamour and romance, which Mr. Sabatini has made particularly his own.

"JUNIUS"

WAY TO CATCH A MAN (continued from page 30)

meantime Marion endeavoured to drown her anxiety in a spate of hard work. She was all the time resisting a temptation to ring David up and explain, or find out from Betty what her next move ought to be. She was a little afraid of facing Betty, of confessing to that hard young person what she began to think amounted to failure. Betty was full of wisdom. But when it came to sympathy—well, somehow she didn't see Betty in that light. . . .

A WEEK passed, at the end of which Marion could stand her own inaction no longer. By this time, in the ordinary course of events, David should have called her up to make arrangements for their weekly evening together. Not a word had come from him. Not a sign. It was exasperating. Betty had got her into this mess, and Betty could get her out of it. Marion went directly to her cousin's hotel.

She found Betty, who was looking particularly sweet and girlish, in high spirits.

"Marion!" she cried, "what a pleasant surprise. I was wondering what had become of you. How's life?"

"Wretched," said Marion. "Perfectly . . . wretched."

"Now, Marion," soothed Betty, tritely, "life is just what we make it."

"I've made a mess of mine, then."

"Nonsense, dear. . . It's never too late to . . ."

"Mine's past mending, by the look of it," interrupted Marion. "Betty, everything's gone wrong. I did what you told me to do. I made David believe that I was just the sort of woman I'm not. You said that was the way to catch a man. Well, it's the wrong way. I haven't caught David. I've not heard from him since. He's . . ."

"Now listen, Marion," said Betty. "There's one way to catch a man, and that's on the rebound. When a man's heart is broken (or when he thinks it is—which comes to the same thing) he turns to the next woman for sympathy. And the next woman always gets him. You can always catch them on the rebound. It *never* fails."

"I don't understand you," said Marion. "The fact remains, David hasn't proposed to me."

"He has to me, though," said Betty, calmly.

It took about a minute for Marion to realise what had happened. After which all she could say was:

"Betty! . . ."

Fixing on her cousin those blue eyes which men call "innocent," but which women know to be "all-seeing," Betty said blandly:

"You see, I only had a month to get a husband in. And if you'd ever seen Archie Wigglesworth, you wouldn't blame me for making the most of a short time. Really you wouldn't, Marion, dear."

S. S.

MOTOR NOTES

THE MONTE CARLO CLASSIC By E. M. Wright

NEXT week the Monte Carlo Rally begins. It is one of the most strenuous motor events of the year, and in many respects one of the most important. It is not a race at all. You have to start as far away from Monte Carlo as the limits of Europe will allow, and then must average a steady twenty-three miles an hour day and night to Monte Carlo. So easy! But remember, the Rally takes place in the dead of winter, over roads that are often almost impassible, and in weather that would daunt the bravest. It is a gruelling test of endurance for the car—and for the driver. Speed is of minor importance—what is called for is absolute reliability.

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THE cars which take part are not racing models, as is popularly thought. They are saloons and tourers such as you or I might own. In reading of the feats of those who take part in this classic event you may easily picture your own car negotiating the snows of Northern Sweden, running day and night for 2,000 miles or more, and braving a hundred desperate hazards. The adventures on the way are not for racing he-men only, but are such as might befall Mr. Everyman or his wife on a winter's run in the wilder parts of civilised Britain.

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THE farther away you start from Monte Carlo, the more marks you earn. So it is that competitors set out from the far north of Sweden, from the shores of the Gulf of Finland, or from little-known spots in Eastern Europe. Athens is the farthest recognised starting point. It is roughly 2,300 miles away—and you must reach Monte Carlo in five days!

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THE roads in the Balkans are a nightmare even in summer. Conceive of their condition in January. At the best the roads—so-called—are but tracks, made a hundred times more treacherous by snow and seas of mud. Those who venture upon them must be ready to face every hazard, from bandits to bugs, whilst, to add still further to their difficulties, it is by no means unusual for floods to wash away whole sections of the road and the bridges as well.

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THEN there is Umea, which is little more than 100 miles from the Arctic Circle, in Northern Sweden. It is roughly the same distance from Monte Carlo as Athens, but though there will be casualties in plenty en route, those who start from Umea have a better chance of winning through. Umea is the most northerly starting point ever chosen for the Monte Carlo Rally. A little to the south of it is Stavanger, last year's most northerly point. Tallin, on the Gulf of Finland, used to be more popular than it is to-day. Another long run is from Jassy, in the heart of Roumania. In comparison with such distant starting-points, from John o' Groats to Monte Carlo is but a Sabbath Day's journey. Nevertheless, a run of 700 odd miles continuous driving, broken only by the brief Channel crossing, is by no means to be despised.

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THE cars which take part are ordinary standard models, but they carry a heavy cargo of extra gadgets. Cars starting out from Umea or Athens, for instance, will be equipped with special ice chains, several sets of ordinary chains, picks and shovels, blocks and tackle, a length of rope and special windscreen wipers that will keep any screen clean under almost any conditions. I take off my hat to these Arctic adventurers, who make light of 2,000-mile journeys, and I take off my hat to the cars. If an ordinary British car can negotiate ice and snow and winter mud and cold such as we seldom experience in this country, you need have few doubts about how it will behave under ordinary running conditions in normal weather on an ordinary British road. I have no overweening ambition to possess a supercharged sports car guaranteed capable of some altogether fantastic speed, but I do look upon success in a Rally, such as this, as the hallmark of sound workmanship.

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I AM glad to see that British cars are to be well in evidence in this year's Rally, and the British entry is fully representative. Both last year's winners, Mr. Donald Healey and Mr. V. Leverett, are starting from Umea. Two other old hands are Major D. E. M. Douglas-Morris, who is driving a Wolseley, and Lord de Clifford. Mr. Jack Hobbs will start in a Riley from Stavanger.

(Continued on next page)

The exterior of the "Ace of Spades" Café-Restaurant, on the Kingston by-pass, which was granted a dancing licence during the Christmas holidays. A large crowd was present here on New Year's Eve

A picturesque corner of the "Ace of Spades" Café-Restaurant. The Chairman of the Kingston Licensing Committee which heard the application for the dancing licence, on hearing that no drink licence was being applied for, was inspired to ask, "Then what makes them so happy there?" He was very fully answered by being told, "The charming old building, and the surroundings. It is, in these days, a relief not to do the ordinary things in the ordinary way"

DOGS

TIPS FOR TRAIN TRAVELLING

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THERE have been various instances recorded in the papers lately of dogs arriving suffocated, or else in a terrible state of exhaustion, owing to long railway journeys. I cannot understand how the former can have happened, as the railway companies are extremely particular about the size of boxes and baskets. They are also very expeditious and kind to the animals en route; but I do blame the majority of owners for not taking a little more personal trouble to ensure their dogs arriving safely. In the matter of puppies, I think it is criminal to subject them to a cross-country journey, which can nearly always be avoided by taking them to a main station.

BEFORE despatching a dog by train, find out which is the best route and at what time he will arrive, and then write to the consignee, telling him the time of the arrival of the train and asking him to let you know when the dog arrives, or if he should not arrive by the train mentioned. For want of this elementary precaution, I have known dogs spend much longer than necessary on the journey. If he does not arrive according to schedule you can always get the station-master to telephone and discover where the dog has been delayed.

You can send animals either loose with a collar and chain and muzzle, or else in a basket, but in the former case remember that a muzzle is absolutely necessary, as the guard may refuse to take the dog otherwise. He may not insist upon the dog being muzzled, but it must at least be attached to the collar.

Mrs. V. Bedoe-Wilkinson's Michael of Silverlands, the winner of the Southern Counties Gun Dog League Spaniel Trials, retrieving fur through a hedge. The trials were held at Idsworth, Horndean

I REMEMBER an amusing incident in connection with this. I had an Alsatian called Ida. She was extremely intelligent, and once when she was travelling in the guard's van he assured me that there was no need to muzzle her. All went well until half-way through the journey he arrived at my carriage in a great state of agitation, and explained that Ida would not allow a certain young man to take his suitcase. I went along to the van and found an infuriated man vowing vengeance on the dog, who had seated herself in front of the case and was defying him to touch it.

It was just an ordinary suitcase and I peered at it for a moment, when the truth dawned on me; it was not his case, but mine, and they looked exactly alike. Ida was quite right, and his case was in another van. The guard was so impressed that he bought an Alsatian puppy after that.

I PREFER boxes or baskets for all dogs, as they are not so shaken and bewildered by the noise and the clatter. The receptacles should be made with a peaked top to prevent luggage being piled on top, and a guard rail all round is a good thing. Be sure to have LIVE DOG painted on the box. You can obtain travelling boxes, which have water receptacles that can be filled from the outside, and also emptied in the same way. (Horrors! I believe they are German!)

Don't feed a dog before a journey, it will not hurt him to be a little hungry, and will prevent him being sick. Also, be sure to give him a good walk before he starts, so that he is comfortable, for to a clean dog a long journey may be torture.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 45)

IN THE NEWS

Novel Motor Competition

An interesting competition is announced by the Hillman Company. Three independent judges, Sir Malcolm Campbell, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, and Sir Henry Birkin, have each tried out a "75" model Hillman Wizard, and have each filled in a special test chart awarding so many marks for each of the twenty-four "points," as in an examination paper.

To win a prize you must go for a trial run in a Wizard model and fill in identically the same form as was used by the three judges. You are told the maximum number of marks you may allot to each point, and the prize will go to whoever comes nearest to the average arrived at by the three judges. The first prize is a "65" or "75" Wizard special saloon de luxe, and the second a Minx saloon de luxe. Anyone who owns a car or has ordered a car, whatever the make, may enter this competition. Forms are obtainable from any Hillman dealer or from Rootes, Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

British Motor Rally

Five weeks after the Monte Carlo Rally we shall, for the first time in this country, have a national motor Rally of our own. In many respects conditions are similar to those in the Monte Carlo Rally, but this new British event is no slavish imitation. There will be nine official starting points in various parts of the country, and each competitor will have to cover a thousand miles. Big cars will have to average 25 m.p.h. day and night, whilst the average for smaller cars of under 1,100 c.c. will be 22 m.p.h. The Rally will begin on March 1 and will end at Torquay on the 5th. Although coming rather soon after the Monte Carlo Rally, an excellent entry, I hear, is expected. The R.A.C. have deliberately made the conditions fairly easy so as to encourage enthusiastic amateurs, but the Rally is still stiff enough to put the keenest on their mettle. The entrance fee is only £3 5s., or two guineas to members of the R.A.C. If you have a well-kept, good-looking car and have any claims to driving skill, here is your chance, possible to win an award—certainly to enjoy a test of skill.

A road tyre, believed to be the largest in the world, recently produced at Fort Dunlop. Standing 4ft. 3in. high, it is 15¾ inches thick. Two of these tyres, of a type which is being made for commercial vehicles, are nearly as heavy as a 7 h.p. "baby" car

Isle of Wight Ferry Service

A quicker and cheaper motor ferry service to the Isle of Wight will come as a boon to thousands of holiday-makers. At present you have the choice of two routes: from Portsmouth to Ryde, a distance of six miles; or from Southampton to Cowes, which is twice as far. The new service, to be opened early this year, will operate between Lymington, on the mainland, and Yarmouth. Here the crossing is only 1¼ miles, and, instead of taking at least an hour, you will be able to cross in seven minutes. Prices, it is estimated, will be less than half what they are now on the other two routes. Even though it is not convenient to avail yourself of this quick ferry, competition is sure to bring down the charges now made on the Portsmouth and Southampton routes. I can well recall the rapid fall in prices which followed a little rivalry on the ferry service between Dover and Calais, and I hope the same happy result will follow the development of competition on the Isle of Wight service.

E. M. W.

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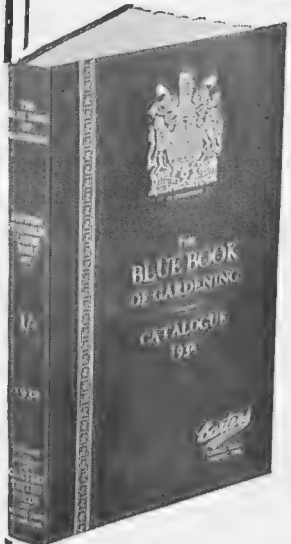

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SOUTHERN COUNTIES DOG LEAGUE TRIALS

Mrs. Keiss at work with Lieut.-Commander Willoughby's "Glenmuir Solo" at the Southern Counties Dog League Spaniel Trials at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants. Lorna Countess Howe is seen in the centre and Mr. Leslie Sprake, one of the judges, on the right

Lieut.-Commander Willoughby handing over a rabbit which had been retrieved by one of his dogs during the recent trials at Idsworth. Lorna Countess Howe seen receiving it, is President of the Southern Counties Dog League

Major G. Bonham-Carter who was one of the guns at the recent retriever trials at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants

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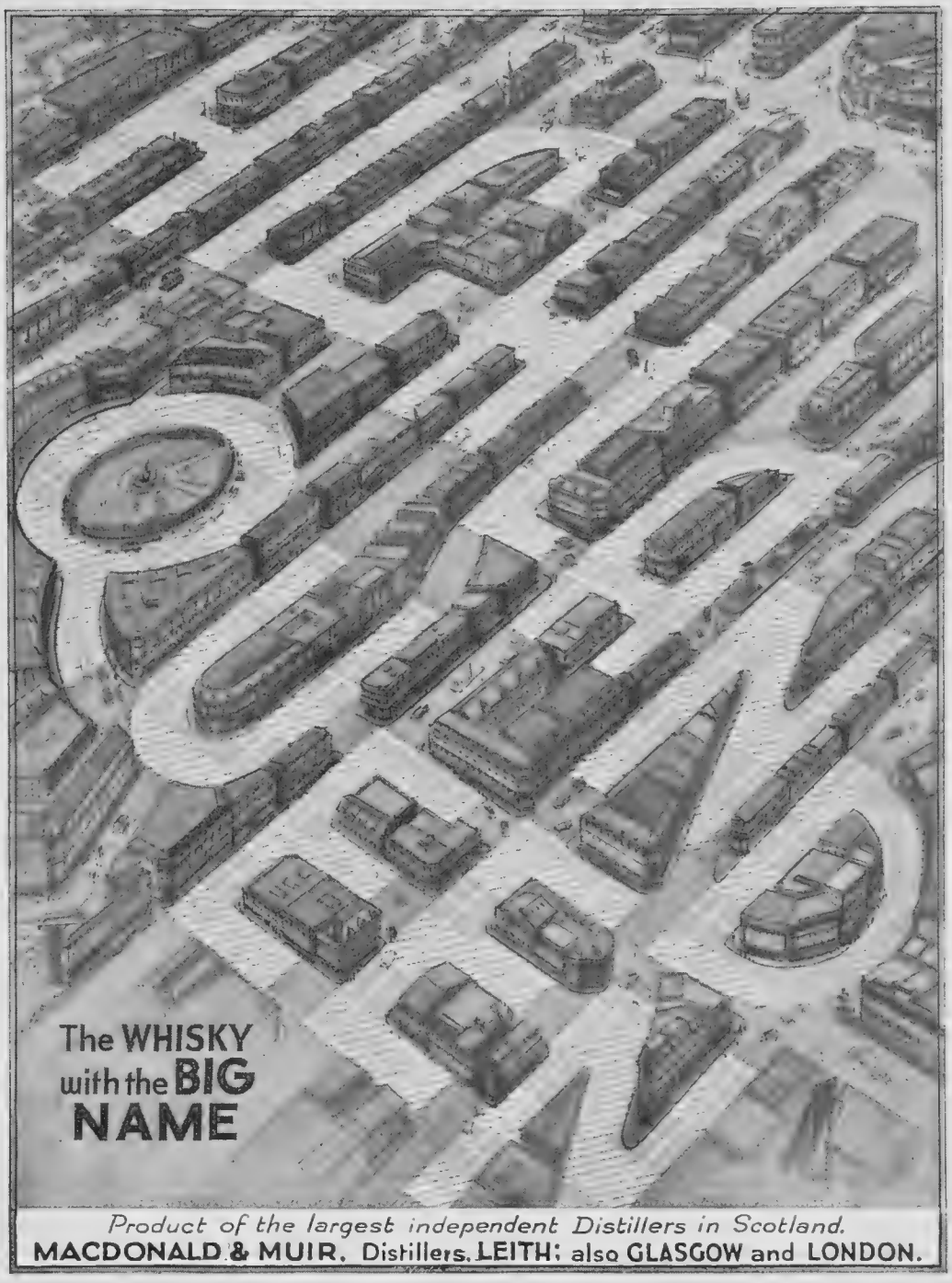
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HOMARD EN KARI À LA SULTAN.

OLIVES DE VEAU.
POMMES SAUTÉES.

CORBEILLES À LA CRÈME.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Saumon Fumé à la Cardinal

CUT some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber. Garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Homard en Kari à la Sultan

MELT two ounces of butter in a stewpan, add an onion finely chopped, and fry it a golden colour; add a small tablespoonful of curry powder and the same of flour, and fry all well together. Add gradually three-quarters of a pint of white stock or that quantity of milk. When the sauce is smooth add a spoonful of chutney and another of cream. Add the flesh of the lobster, previously removed from the shell and chopped, and stew it in the sauce for about half an hour. Serve in a border of well-boiled rice.

Olives de Veau

CUT one pound of veal cutlet into moderately thin slices, as nearly the same size as possible; flatten out with a wetted knife and spread each with a layer of forcemeat. Roll them up and secure them with string, flour the olives and fry them in clarified dripping until they are brown, turning them frequently with a fork to prevent them becoming unevenly coloured. Make some thick brown sauce, season it well, and stew the little rolls in it for two hours in a moderate oven. When ready remove the string from the olives and dish them up neatly, and put a garnish of French beans in the centre. For the forcemeat, mix three ounces of freshly made white breadcrumbs with a large teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of dried herbs which have been reduced to powder, half a dessertspoonful of minced onion, a little grated lemon peel, and one ounce of very finely chopped fat bacon; season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg, and moisten the ingredients with enough beaten egg to make a fairly soft paste.

Menu

Le Caviar du Beluga
Les Selected Natives
La Vraie Tortue au Sherry
Le Suprême de Sole Belle Aurore
Le Médaillon de Volaille Claridges
Les Pommes Mignonnettes
Les Haricots verts de Jersey
La Bécasse au Champagne
Salade Caprice
Les Asperges Sauce Divine
La Mousse Glacée Rêve d'Or
La Corbeille d'Excellence

The menu of the gala dinner served at Claridge's on New Year's Eve, where the event was celebrated with special features

Corbeilles à la Crème

TURN eight macaroons upside down and with a teaspoon scrape out the inside. Fill the basket with whipped cream; put a cherry in the middle, an almond sticking up each side, and form a handle with a thin stick of angelica.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Head Beautiful

Woman's crowning glory is her hair, and there is no reason why she should ever be seen with hair that is scanty and ill-looking, for there is waiting to serve her the Universal Hair Company, of 80-84, Foxberry Road, S.E.4, which, ever since 1895, has specialised in transformations, toupets, etc., made with or without natural skin partings. This firm, which has its West End branch at 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1, undertakes every description of ornamental hair work, and all their goods and workmanship are of the highest quality, although their prices are reasonable in the extreme. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on application to the Manageress at Brockley.

Cocktails with "It."

I have just been reading a most interesting brochure issued by Messrs. Martini and Rossi, the famous Italian Vermouth firm, which gives details of some of the many delightful cocktails which can be made with their products. These range from a Dry Martini to the sweet Dawn of Love cocktail, and the variety of long and short drinks is most extensive. Apart from the generally known Martini Vermouth, other types of vermouth made by the firm in question are a Martini High Strength Vermouth containing 33 per cent. of Proof spirit. Dry Martini, White Martini for sweeter cocktails, and the delightful appetiser, Apperitivo Rossi. One and all are ideal for making really good cocktails

Good News for Men

Mr. Bernard Weatherill, the well-known tailor, who is established at 55, Conduit Street, W.1, informs us that his charges during the month of January will be reduced by 10 per cent. He also points out that his range of ready-to-wear overcoats will be reduced in cost by 20 per cent. These lower prices will also be in operation at his branches at Ascot, Aldershot, Camberley, and Birmingham, and at his establishment in the City, at 81, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

A striking example of the excellent work done by the Universal Hair Company, of 80-84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, S.E.4

A Champagne of Merit

Of the many high-class brands of champagne which commend themselves to the discriminating consumer, it would be hard to find one more popular than Piper-Heidsieck. Founded in 1785, the house has established for itself a world-wide reputation which has been maintained down to the present day. During the past season Piper has fully held its own amongst its rivals, and though perhaps the quantity of wine consumed at the various private and public functions held in town and country has been less than in normal years, the patronage accorded to Piper-Heidsieck has been most marked. We are pleased to learn that there is a good stock of champagne in this country, although, in most cases, there is very little of the 1919 and 1921 vintages on the market, outside hotels and restaurants. Piper 1923 Vintage, which has proved a very fine wine with beautiful bouquet, is in excellent condition for present consumption, and is considered by many good judges to be one of the best brands of that year. In these days of rigid economy it is welcome news to learn that it has been possible to reduce the price of Piper-Heidsieck Non-Vintage Champagne, a wine which, in response to public demand, was put on the market about two years ago. The Piper Non-Vintage is of rare delicacy and quality, and represents exceptional value, as its general request at hunt breakfasts, hunt balls, race meetings, and other functions amply attests.

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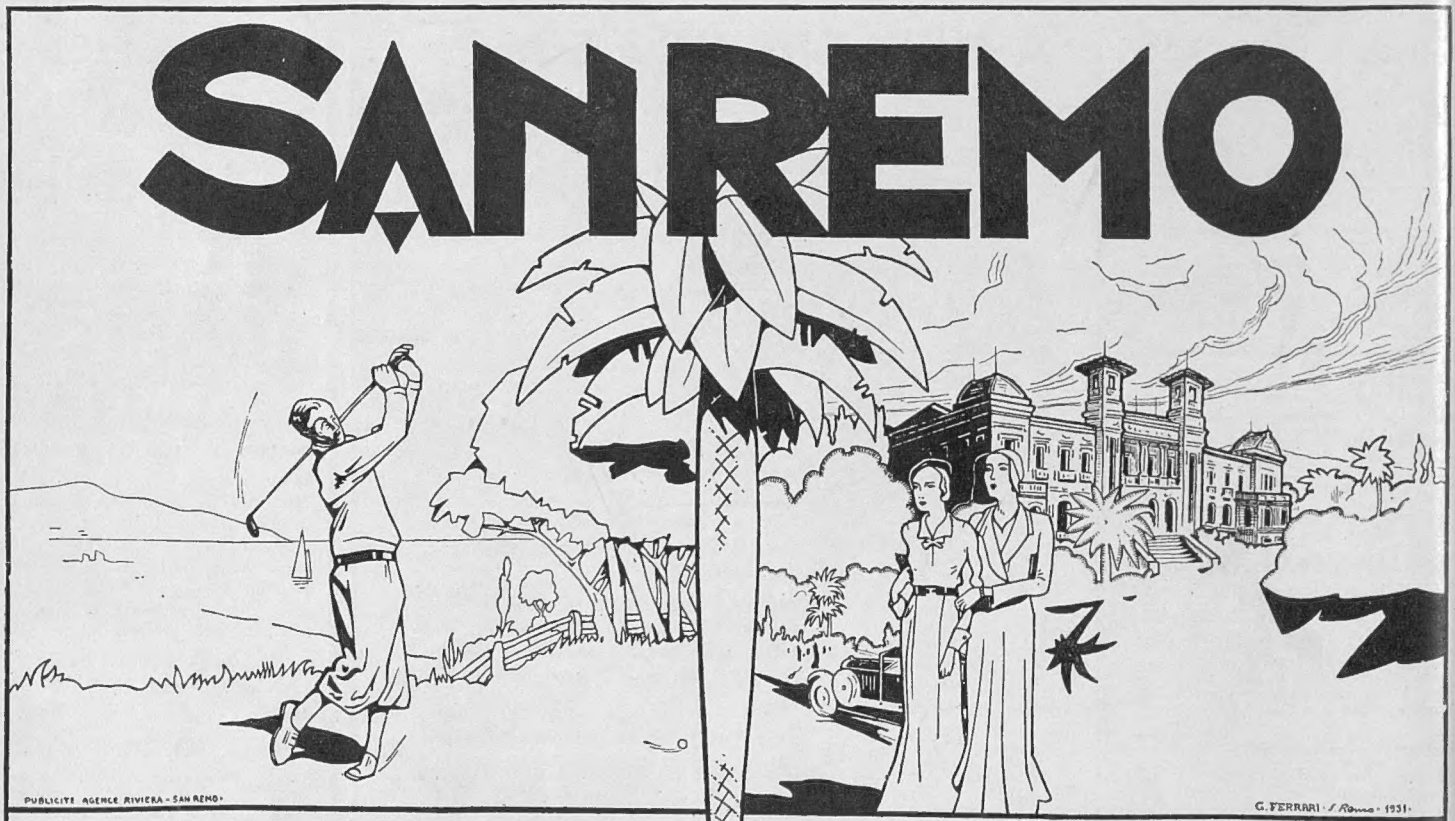

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"REVEALING glimpses of the greatness of Babylon have reached us from that eminent historian Herodotus, who personally saw and described the vastness of its temples; its architecture and construction; the imposing buildings with their roof gardens; the walls surrounding the town, so thick that a chariot could be driven on top of them; and the wealth accumulated and destroyed by the greed of the neighbouring nations, and those robberies with violence which are usually called the wars of conquest.

With the end of peace in Babylon, many ancient laws and customs disappeared. One of the most remarkable was the law of matrimony. It was made with the object of providing every woman with a husband, irrespective of beauty or riches. Once a year all marriageable girls were assembled in a public place. They were divided into two categories and placed in order of their beauty or ugliness . . ." *A story of amazing candour and enlightenment — you must read it.*

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